

ネトオク男の異世界貿易 楽しい

3

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MFブックス

Netooku Otoko no Tanoshii Isekai Boueki [WN]

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Chapter 49 – The smell of Green Gables from the village girls

“Rebecca-san, we still haven’t greeted the villagers yet after moving into the mansion. Also, I was wondering if I could hire available villagers who can help clean the mansion, cook and such.” [Jirou]

“Greetings? Ah, that’s right. Actually most of the information about Jirou has already become well known through rumours, but I guess it would be polite for you to go greet them.” [Rebecca]

Those were words that I couldn’t possibly ignore.

“R-Rumours...?” [Jirou]

“If you were to head towards the forest from the village, you would only come across my house, right? It’s been really lively there recently, so that’s why.” [Rebecca]

Indeed. That was true. Not only were there construction workers being seen heading towards the forest to transport materials, but also Hetty-san’s eye-catching carriage that was travelling back and forth every day... All that commotions would definitely arouse the villagers’ curiosity, I suppose...

But well, at least we won’t have much trouble explaining to them. All’s well that ends well!

“Then let’s just tell the villagers that the residence is ‘built’ in the forest since no one could identify that mansion. As Diana had said before, that place is ‘protected by a barrier’, so it would be troublesome to explain.” [Jirou]

“Hmm...true... Certainly, that might be a better idea. But, if that’s the case then, probably...” [Rebecca]

“Probably?” [Jirou]

“Nn, well it’ll probably be alright. Let’s go greet the village chief.” [Rebecca]

Somehow Rebecca-san seemed irresolute, but well, since she said it would be alright, it should be alright.

It would not have been a problem if I was extending my greeting to the village chief, but it seemed that the news was spread across the whole village instantly.

I have heard of it before, that news usually travels at an abnormally fast speed in a village like this, but that was further proof of how amazing the power of the word-of-mouth can be. It was a relief since it would, indeed, be a pain to assemble all the villagers just to greet them.

“I want to choose someone from this village to be a maid!”

This was the contradiction that had been mingling in my mind. Even so, the purpose of hiring a long-term maid is not just for fun. Therefore, it was only to be expected that I would like to select from as many choices as possible. “It doesn’t matter what vocation she has, so long as she’s a cute girl.” The thought had once never crossed my mind at all. Truly.

“By the way, for umm a maid, what would be the rate to hire one? On a monthly basis..., Well, I think I can afford to pay to some extent, though. If the approximate price is...” [Jirou]

I don’t know the general concept of the ‘day off’ in this world, but for a general weekly day off job (1 day off per week), they will need to work from morning until evening. Seeing that lunch is provided, and a uniform is loaned to them, the amount needed for them to support themselves is quite low. If we were to estimate 800 yen as the minimum hourly wage, 8 hours of work would be 6400 yen. There will be no transportation fees incurred as they will be travelling by foot. Considering that they will be working for 5 days a week, and there are 5 weeks in a month, the total amount after calculation would be 25 days x 6400 Yen = 160,000 yen. [\(1\)](#)

If I were to convert it to the amount here then...

“About one gold coin, then...” [Jirou]

When I presented the amount of money, Rebecca-san and Hetty-san exchanged looks.

Damn! They have seen through the fact that I am actually a miser!!

“Erm... it’s just a joke. I was just kidding that I was only offering one gold coin.

H-Haha. As I thought, it should be around 2 gold coins..." [Jirou]

"That's not it, Jirou... One gold coin is too much. That would be reasonable if you're hiring a professional steward, but you're just looking for someone to do housework and take care of the horses, right? If that's the job scope, then it is not related to vocation at all. Anyone in the village would be able to do it. So, wouldn't it cost only 3 to 5 silver coins?" [Rebecca]

"As expected of Erishe. If this were the Imperial Capital, for live-in maids, you'd get lots of applicants pouring in even for 1 silver coin." [Hetty]

"Ah, it still seems to be that way there." [Rebecca]

"Still, it has become much preferable than a contracted one." [Hetty]

Rebecca-san and Hetty-san were discussing about the differences between Erishe and the Imperial Capital. Could the labour cost be higher because Erishe is more prosperous than the other towns? Even so, it would seem that one gold coin might still be too high.

By the way, 3 silver coins is just 45000 yen, isn't it? Would anyone apply for such a small salary? It would be fine for me though, since the pay is cheap... But, I would be offering at, at least, 5 silver coins.

The front of a huge house came into our view as Rebecca-san guided us. Despite its size, it looks similar to other one-storey houses made of stone. This must be the village chief-sama's house that we were looking for. When Rebecca-san called out the village chief's name, the door opened and a white bearded old man poked his head out. Having looked at him, the only impression I get was that, "Yup, this person is definitely the village chief."

"....Oh, so that's the reason. I had never expected an influential merchant like Jirou-sama would set up a mansion in such a remote place. We, the Yazd Village, would absolutely love to extend our friendship to you." [village chief]

When Rebecca-san briefly introduced me and I gave him a simple greeting, the village chief replied with such exaggerated words. Since when did I give people the impression of an influential merchant?

"That's because you said you 'built' your mansion. It's the norm that only

wealthy merchants would build a mansion in the outskirts for fun without taking efficiency into account." [Rebecca]

Rebecca-san explained in a whisper. I-I see.... He thought it was something like a villa, I supposed...

True, it would be easier for me if the villagers were to think that I'm some kind of wealthy merchant... I guess it's fine.

My greeting was carried out smoothly. After that, I brought up the matter of hiring a maid to the village chief. At first, I had thought of leaving it to the reliable Rebecca-san to break the ice about it, but since they had misunderstood it and thought that I was an influential merchant, it would be okay for me to do it too.

"Oh, if that's the case then..." [village chief]

The village chief suddenly began gathering people after listening to my story. Before I had realized it, it had already developed into a situation in which there were nearly 50 villagers assembled together.

Upon hearing that the monthly salary would be 5 silver coins, the applicants that gathered consisted of not only young girls, but also married ladies, aunties, and old grandmothers.

I should have swallowed my embarrassment and said that this job was restricted to only teens!

Each of them seemed to have jobs already, but the 5 silver coins must have been quite tempting to them. At least, it was alluring enough for them to give up on their current jobs. As such, being in such an atmosphere made it impossible for me to say that I don't mind live-in.

Based on what Hetty-san said, a live-in job in which the job scope includes only housework and horse care, that pays not only 5 silver coins, but also provides meals, would easily attract at least 1000 applicants in the Imperial Capital.

First of all, I would naturally pass on the second sons, third sons, fourth sons, and young farmers who couldn't inherit the farm. Why the heck did these guys come when I was looking to hire a maid?!

I wouldn't be able to work old grandmas too hard, so I'll pass on that, too. It is no doubt that they are capable of working, but what we are talking about is horse care and heavy labour.

As for the aunties or young wives, there shouldn't be any problem in terms of their working capabilities. (Since it might be too blatant if I were to dismiss on all applicants except for the young girls.)

The number of young girls that came was more than I thought. It was great, as each of them does give the 'country girl' impression. Although, even if I did say that they are country girls, they are naturally not Japanese, but western country girls. They have darkish red hair with braids, and straw hats perched on top of their heads. They reminded me of a certain character from a book that I read a long time ago. There were some of them who appeared to have oriental looks too, but I wasn't sure which race they were from.

"...Well, Rebecca-san, the number of applicants gathered was more than what I had initially thought. I would like to interview them one by one before I decide. What do you think?" [Jirou]

"Sure, why not? I'm acquainted with most of them, so I think I can give some advice to a certain extent." [Rebecca]

Thus, I ended up borrowing the village chief's house to give them individual interviews.



"I have cook as my vocation! My speciality is Baked Lielieila Herbs!"

"My father has commended that I am good at giving massages!"

"My vocation's a nursemaid, so I thought you could leave the child-rearing jobs to me."

"My vocation's a farmer, but I can carry out household chores well too! Pleased to meet you!"

"I can ride horses!"

"I can count money!"

“Gardener. I can handle gardening jobs.”

“I’m a member of the village’s Vigilance Committee, so I can fight against monsters. My vocation’s a spearman!”

“You can leave the job of smoking meat or fish to me!”

“I’m a stable girl so hiring me will definitely be worth the money. Here.”

“Merchant-sama, is it true that I can get five silver coins?”

“I’m a seamstress. I can mend clothing and make clothes too if I have cloth.”

“You can leave pickling job to me!”

...and so on. There were a variety of talents, indeed. Each of them have something that they are specialized in. I wasn’t sure if it was due to the ‘magic’ of the 5 silver coins, but they were bursting with motivation.

That said, I used a relatively simple way to select this time so I could narrow down my choices considerably. I wouldn’t say that it was a really good method, though.

“Erm, first of all, these two are my slaves, so you will be working with the both of them. There will be no problem, right? More or less, they’ll be your seniors, I guess.” [Jirou]

After saying so, I introduced Diana and Marina. However, the result I received from the simple-minded villagers was a dramatic one.

—It was quite different from what I imagined, though.

The only instruction I had given to the two of them was to put on a dignified appearance for the time being. Hence, while the interview was going on, I kept them on standby beside me.

Marina looked carefree as usual; Diana, on the other hand, appeared divine, or rather, it was as if there was an air of intimidation emanating from her which made her presence overwhelming.

She does come off as aloof at times, but for some reason, the aura she gave off this time was especially strong. The youngsters who couldn’t endure Diana’s cold-eyed gaze pulled out rapidly, under personal reasons.

I did recall telling her to put on a dignified appearance, but she didn’t have to

act like a royalty... I guess I should have just told her to behave herself...

To be frank, I thought of having the two of them present so I could select someone who wouldn't mind having Marina, someone from the Turk tribe as her colleague (since there was that matter concerning that chubby merchant too). But, how did this happen...

"I-It's impossible to work with such stern-looking elf-sama!"

"I-It was said that if you were rude to the elves, you'll be turned into a pig..."

"The Turk tribe child seems kind."

Such remarks could be overheard coming from the girls who went outside. Although, they did not make fun of Diana's tattoo. Was it because they came from well-bred families?

Anyhow, the reason the young girls pulled out was probably because they didn't have the courage to work together with the 'stern-looking elf-sama', or because of some other unknown reasons. The aunties and young wives did not pull out, though... Something's fishy...

"Umm... Diana, did you use some kind of magic? Somehow, it seems that the young applicants started withdrawing rapidly because they could no longer endure the heavy pressure of your gaze." [Jirou]

"It's a false accusation. I have not done anything at all." [Diana]

The person in question replied nonchalantly.

Umm... So, you were only doing as you were told since I instructed you to appear dignified? The reason those girls ran off was because they felt overwhelmed, and it had nothing to do with you at all? Was that it?

"But, you know, it seems that the only ones who pulled out are the young ones. They were frightened by Diana for some reason." [Jirou]

"If they are the type of people who would drop out from just that, then it would be better not to employ such people, Goshujin-sama." [Diana]

'From just that.' You did do something, didn't you?!

Are you serious?!

"Besides... Goshujin-sama would not be able to make a firm decision between

them since they are young girls.” [Diana]

Moreover, she spouted an unfounded harsh remark!

Well, it would certainly be a lie if I were to say that I am totally uninterested in innocent-looking country girls without makeup.

“Oh... this child is truly a diamond in the rough... I would definitely like to polish this talent.”

I don’t seem to have recalled saying something like that, I guess.

Though, there was no helping it, was there? I was in somewhat high spirits.



Following that, I gave a strict warning to Diana, telling her to behave herself, so the interview went on smoothly for the time being.

While I was in the midst of making my decision, the door swung open and a seemingly strong-minded oba-san who looks like she’s in her 40s entered with a smile fixed on her face.

“U-Um... Merchant-sama, could you interview my daughter as well?” [???

Although she wanted me to interview her daughter, the aforementioned daughter was tugging at her mother’s sleeve, looking frightened.

“I-I-I-It’s impossible, okaasan. See, they look stunned.” [daughter]

“You just keep quiet there.” [???

It was an ash-coloured haired girl who has an appearance that would make an impression on anyone. She has an unevenly-cut, short bob hairstyle with long bangs that conceal her eyes.

“Yes. It’s still alright.” [Jirou]

Upon my consent, the mother came in as she rubbed her hands together. The daughter, on the other hand, was cowering at the entrance.

“My daughter has the capability, but she’s just really reserved. Even though I

kept asking her to come today, she still refused to budge. It's really embarrassing that I, as her mother have to bring her here instead." [???

The mother then started talking, without paying heed to her daughter. The smile fixed on this person's face struck a chill into me. Rather, she didn't have a cheerful look in her eyes... I had seen this before on the television. The mothers who tried their best to make their children celebrities had the same look.

"It might be better not to get involved in this..." I thought, as the mother continued promoting her daughter.

"My daughter's the only one in this village who has 'secretary' as her vocation, you know. Needless to say, her reading and writing skill is perfect. The neighbourhood people have praised that her handwriting is beautiful, too. Besides, she could naturally handle household chores and take care of horses as well. Even her cooking, I, as her mother..." [???

The mother cast sidelong glance at her daughter behind as she enumerated her daughter's qualities, but she halted her words all of a sudden, as if she had just noticed something.

"Eh...? Why is Rebecca-san..." [???

"I was here from the beginning, Belca-san." [Rebecca]

Rebecca-san smiled and answered laughingly. It seemed that this Belca-san had not noticed that Rebecca-san was around.

Um? I wonder if Rebecca-san's being here was a problem for her. Well, I should just ask Rebecca-san about it later.

Considering that the mother's machine-gun talk was interrupted, I decided to have her leave the place so I could have a talk with her daughter. Belca-san then went out with great reluctance, not forgetting to urge her daughter with what sounded like a half-threat in the process.

Although, I guess there are this type of people in this world, too. If there are schools here, she would probably be the monster parent type... [\(2\)](#)

Well, at any rate, what I should do next was to ask the girl, who was still cowering at the entrance one to two questions, and select my maid quickly!

- (1) In case you are confused, there are 6 days in a week in this world, and around 5 weeks in a month.
- (2) "[Monster Parent](#)" is a term used to describe a group of super-aggressive parents who repeatedly make unreasonable demands to their children's school and prevent it from functioning normally.

Chapter 50 – The smell of Cinderella from the ‘Secretary’

“Um, excuse me.” [???

Belca-san’s daughter, who had still been trembling at the entrance, called out.

Her grey-coloured short bob was unkempt, with bangs long enough to conceal her eyes. She had light freckles across her face, moderately tanned skin, and a body that could be described as abnormally thin. She was slightly shorter than Marina; probably a little over 150cm. She was around 15 years old. Although she didn’t stand out, her features betrayed the possible hint of her future beauty.

Nonetheless, this type of girl suits my preference... It was possible that she was an unfortunate country girl...

That said, there were numerous cute girls in the village, so even if her looks were somewhat to my liking, I would not choose her because of that.

“Then let me give you an interview... First of all, come forward and take a seat.” [Jirou]

“Eh? U-Umm.. yes!” [???

She tottered over in a fluster and was able to somehow sit on the chair. Is this child really going to be okay?

“Please tell me your name, age, vocation and introduce yourself! [\(1\)](#)” [Jirou]

I shot her the interview-like request. It was against my principle to ask annoying questions like, “What motivated you to apply to work at our company?”

Although, even if I were to ask that question, I would probably only get a straight answer along the lines of, “Because it seems like an easy way to make money.”

“A-Aurica. Aurica Flaireim. I’m 16 years old. My vocation is... for the time

being it's 'secretary'. Introduce myself... u-umm..." [Aurica]

"?" [Jirou]

"Um... I think Rebecca-san who's standing there knew about it already, but I have a slight, um... no, actually... I have extremely poor eyesight. Okaa-san told me to keep it a secret but... umm so... I won't be able to manage much secretary job. I can do housework and take care of horses but... in comparison with the other girls, I am totally..." [Aurica]

Oh? I see — so she has poor eyesight! She was certainly moving strangely just now, and I guess that would explain it. I'm glad it's not because she's an oddball. The impairment didn't seem to be so severe that it would affect her daily life, but it also didn't seem likely that corrective aids for vision would have been developed yet in this world. Even if such devices had already been developed, they would probably be too expensive for her. It's quite a miracle she made it this far. At the very least, it would be really bad for those with 'secretary' as their vocation to have poor eyesight...

That might be the reason why her mother was being so forceful about it. Although there was also a possibility that this might be due to the preconception of the people in this world. Even if a girl has somewhat poor eyesight, as long as she is presentable as a bride, it would be alright to them. I am unsure of the marriageable age here, but in the olden days on Earth, young girls were wed off at the age of 15. So, it was plausible that people in rural areas here had the same mindset.

Or, to tell the truth, I couldn't deny that all the young girls who came as applicants today are possibly not married yet. After all, I did not enquire them if they are married or not. That was because the likelihood of young girls at that age who are married in this world are...

Oops. My thoughts had veered off in a strange direction. We're talking about eye glasses right now.

"...Rebecca-san, are eye glasses expensive? If I'm not mistaken, Tobias-san was wearing one. If it's only several silver coins then, but well I don't think that would be the cost." [Jirou]

"Toby-kun's is just for show. That guy has poor eyesight, you see. So, he

wears fake glasses during work as a facade.” [Rebecca]

“If that’s the case, then what about prescription glasses?” [Jirou]

“Nn... you could get those, but I think it might be hard for Aurica to afford them... Even so, in that child’s case, she couldn’t even tell people’s faces apart. That’s how bad her eyesight is.” [Rebecca]

Rebecca appeared distressed as she said this.

Since none of my family members had this issue, I couldn’t tell how bad her eyesight was just based on that explanation alone. I have no idea what lens strength she needed, so it wouldn’t be possible for me to simply bring one back from Japan for her.

Although custom prescription glasses requires one to get their eyesight properly examined first, I could get reading glasses from optical shops instead... That option should be better than nothing, after all. I might not have adequate knowledge to carry this out, but if I were to give her a simple eye examination and purchase one for her online...

“Hey, Jirou.” [Rebecca]

“...Eh? Yeah? I mean, what is it? I was just a little preoccupied...” [Jirou]

“I can guess what Jirou is basically thinking right now. You want to ‘help’ that girl... Isn’t it so?” [Rebecca]

She hit the mark. Were my thoughts that easy to read from just looking at my facial expressions? I wasn’t normally able to express myself indirectly though.

Upon realizing that she had guessed it correctly, she heaved a sigh and turned to me.

“Well, if Jirou wishes to do so, then I’m fine with it... but there’s just one thing that I’d like you to remember. *’Help someone only when the person themself desires to be helped first. Otherwise, even well-intentioned efforts will only serve as self-satisfaction.’* That’s the teachings of Le Baraka.” [Rebecca]

Well-intentioned efforts...

Certainly, being so mindful about a child who came for an interview was probably a ‘well-intentioned’ act...

I couldn't refute the fact that I was indeed expecting her to be grateful after I healed her eyes using earth's technology (I was referring to eye glasses).

I became dispirited when she had me figured out...

“....”

“....”

Somehow, we ended up being engulfed by a profound silence...

This happened even though we were still in the middle of an interview...

At that moment, the one who broke the silence and came up with a new suggestion was Hetty-san.

“Jirou-sama, how about this: You want to help Aurica-san, but Becky believes that you should not help someone that easily. On the other hand, Aurica-san would like to work under Jirou-sama. So why not include it inside the terms of employment? You will be covering all the expenses to heal her eyes, and Aurica-san will be paying it back by working for you... How about it?” [Hetty]

E-Erm...How about it? Even if you asked me that, I wouldn't know what to answer since I had not considered it that much yet...

“Ah, um, is there a way to heal her eyes? The only thing I had in mind actually was just eye glasses.” [Jirou]

“Is that so? I had thought you were considering on using the spirit stone actually...” [Hetty]

Ah, the spirit stone! Since it could be used to restore one's youth, it should be able to restore one's eyesight too. That is great! It's an easy method.

“Wait a minute Hetty. I didn't actually say that he shouldn't help her! It's just that, Jirou can be a little too kind...” [Rebecca]

“Yes, yes. Thanks for sharing that with me.” [\(2\)](#) [Hetty]

“There should be at least two spirit stones if we return to the mansion. If Aurica-san's eyes can be cured with those, then it's fine to use them. Well, it'll

be up to Aurica-san though.” [Jirou]

“E-Eh? You’re fine with it? Just like that?! ——I see. Jirou-sama is indeed way too generous.” [Hetty]

“Isn’t it? You should understand now why I couldn’t leave him alone, right?” [Rebecca]

“Yes, yes. That’s too much information... [\(3\)](#) Well, certainly it might tickle a woman’s maternal instincts, right?” [Hetty]

Rebecca-san and Hetty-san were spouting whatever they pleased. What do you mean by maternal instincts? Despite my appearance, I’m already 21 years old!

...Well, it was undeniable that I am not a ‘self-reliant man’ though. I am a NEET after all... I wonder if it was impossible for me to conceal all that aura of incompetence that emanated from me...

Well, I guess I might be a kid who’s unsure whether hair grows on treasure trail or not for Rebecca-san and Hetty-san.

It is a fact that I’m still a virgin.

Despite the fact that we were still in the middle of an interview, we were having a private conversation among ourselves. There was a faint smile on Aurica’s face as she watched us.

That wouldn’t do. The applicant would make fun of us if we were to go on with our lengthy discussion! It wouldn’t be a good thing for her to have an unfavourable view towards the employer.

“Um, Aurica-san? There is a term that we would like to propose. Would it be alright to you?” [Jirou]

When I straightened up and asked her, she nodded in reply.

“First of all, I am considering hiring you. However, it is undeniable that the problem with your eyesight might get in the way of your duties. That is why we came up with this proposal.” [Jirou]

“Y-Yes! Um, actually—I heard what you all were discussing about a moment ago. ...But, I... while I am very happy with the proposal, I really couldn’t afford to pay you back for the spirit stone...so, as I thought, the other kids might be

better..." [Aurica]

Hm. Well...I guess so.

Depending on the types of spirit stones, even the cheapest one would cost about 20 gold coins. In other words, it is an item that is worth at least 3 million yen.

If this were in Japan, it would be the same as someone saying, "I'll employ you once your eyesight recovers. Oh yeah, I'll be covering the cost for the LASIK surgery, so rest assured."

If you were to think over it carefully, it sounded like a fraud.

So, even if she were to use all five silver coins to pay me by monthly installment, she would be able to fully reimburse me only after 40 months. In fact, it would be more reasonable for her to return the sum of two silver coins every month. However, if that were the case, then it would take her around 100 months (more than eight years) to pay me back everything.

...That said, I don't know how critical is the issue of visual impairment in this world either.

In my opinion, even though it might be somewhat hard for her financially, if me being meddlesome might bring about a possibility for her eyes to recover, then it might be worth thinking about. Nevertheless, it was a decision that might affect her for a lifetime, so it was undeniable that she would be having a bit of a hard time right now.

If she herself refused to be helped, then it would be just like Rebecca-san said. It would only ended up being a "well-intentioned effort" if I were to insist on helping her. Nothing could be done if things weren't meant to be. Although, I could possibly give her another push, just in case... since she seemed like the shy, withdrawn type who always wound up getting the short end of the stick.

"You can take your time with the repayment of the spirit stone. I really don't mind it. If you manage to achieve any guidance during your employment, then you can pay me back with the spirit stone at that time. I don't have the intention to charge you any interest as well. ...But, one of the prerequisite is that you need to work hard in the duties that are given to you. If you like, you can work as a live-in too." [Jirou]

On hearing my words, Aurica raised her face. However, before she could reply, Hetty-san interjected her.

“Jirou-sama, it might be impertinent of me, but I would like to make a comment. That term is far too generous. If she decides to live-in, 2 silver coins would be sufficient as the wage. Even if she were to use 80% from the total to pay you back, it would still be more than adequate for her.” [Hetty]

“Eh? But she’ll be left with only 40 El, won’t she?” [Jirou]

“It will be sufficient for her if she’s a live-in. We have already explained that uniforms will be loaned to her. The job has basically covered everything for her including her food, clothing, and shelter. What other problems would she have?” [Hetty]

“It’ll take her close to 10 years to pay me back with just 2 silver coins as wage though.” [Jirou]

“That will prevent her from quitting half-way, won’t it? If Jirou-sama would like to insist on it, then she can treat it as a ‘bond’ until she achieves her guidance. In any event, achieving one guidance within 10 years is not unlikely.” [Hetty]

I see... Well, it would be fine by me since I could save my money, but this made me feel as though I am operating some kind of ‘black company’ now, since I reduced the amount of wage in the middle of an interview.

That said, it was true that nothing comes cheap. Well, that would be the case only if the person in question accepted it...

“Umm... I might not be able to achieve my guidance, actually. I think I will take a long time to return the money as well. Erm, so will it really be alright?” [Aurica]

Will it really be alright?

Naturally, it was fine for me. I had said the same thing last time with Marina. I guess, in Marina’s case, what she said was, “Why did you choose someone like me?”

I wonder if it was because I like those shy and withdrawn type. As I thought, it must be because I’m a virgin. I am bad against those aggressive type. It was a

feeling that I did not want to acknowledge, though.

In the end, I decided to hire Aurica at the wage of 200 El (Two silver coins) per month.

Since the amount was lower than the initial arrangement, I planned to hire another one, although, that would have to wait until things settled down on my side. In fact, as repayment for the spirit stone (in name), the amount that I would be paying her is actually not 200 El, but just 40 El per month.

I received different kinds of responses from those who came for the interview when they found out that I was hiring Aurica, but they were generally favourable.

When I tried enquiring about them a little, I discovered that Aurica was living alone with Belca-san, her mother. Due to the problem with her eyesight, she couldn't get a job related to her vocation, so she could only help out with the housework. Their living expenses were mainly provided by Belca-san, who worked at the tavern for a small wage.

Therefore, Belca-san had hoped that she would either achieve her guidance, or that her daughter would be able to find a good candidate for marriage one day. Nevertheless, since her daughter was not especially beautiful, there was no benevolent man who could readily accept a visually impaired girl. On top of that, she did not receive any guidance either. If the situation persisted, she was concerned that her daughter could only be prostitute. While she was deeply troubled by her daughter's future, the village chief started spreading the news that I was hiring a maid; and that was how this interview came about.

When I informed Belca-san – who was waiting impatiently outside—that I had decided to hire Aurica, she pulled Aurica into a hug and swung her around. On top of that, when she heard it from Aurica herself that I would be healing her eyes with spirit stone as an advance payment, she looked so pleased that she started shedding tears. Following that, I explained to her Aurica's wage, and that she would be staying with me as a live-in maid, but it seemed that Belca-san didn't have any problem with it at all. Well, even if I did say she would be living with us, her village is only a stone's throw away from my mansion.

Well then, since I would be using one spirit stone to heal Aurica's eyes, I should be clearing my guidance soon. Among the guidances that I have; 'Try

defeating a monster' and 'Obtain your own home' should be relatively easy to be cleared. Nonetheless, it was a mystery as to why I have yet to be able to achieve 'Obtain your own home'. I had essentially acquired one already, so it made me wonder if there was something else that was still missing.

"Aurica-san, did you happen to receive a guidance? If it seems achievable then I might be able to lend you a hand." [Jirou]

"D-Danna-sama, umm, um, you don't need to use any honorifics when you address me." [Aurica]

"Danna-sama, is it... It sounds nice... Aurica, one more time! One more time please!" [\(4\)](#) [Jirou]

"Eh? Um...? Danna-sama?" [Aurica]

Ooooooh! I couldn't resist the look when she cast her eyes down shyly! A maid calling me 'Danna-sama' with upturned eyes! (No maid clothing yet, though). Being able to experience this with just one spirit stone is cheap...

"U-Um... I did receive one when I received my blessings, but it was difficult for me to achieve it, so I gave up..." [Aurica]

"Is it a hard one? If so then I could help you with it." [Jirou]

"Umm, Danna-sama don't need to go through such great lengths to do this... Besides, it is probably impossible unless you have books or teachers..." [Aurica]

"Is that so? Then, what's the content of the guidance?" [Jirou]

"Erm... it's 'Acquire another language 0/1'." [Aurica]

(1) The raw for this part is **自己アピール** (自己PR) which literally means 'Self-appeal' or 'Self-public relations'.

This Engrish (A mixture of English and Japanese word) term is used when the interviewer asks the interviewees to talk about themselves, their skills & abilities and why the company should hire them.

(2) The raw for this part is 'ごちそうさま' which can also be literally translated as 'Thanks for the meal'.

(3) The same 'ごちそうさま' is used here.

(4) The last two parts are in English.

Chapter 51 – The smell of the completion of the preparation after renting the place

We managed to acquire horse feed, straws for bedding, and so forth from Rebecca-san's connection. Hence, to make it simple, we decided to continue our purchases from them thereafter. Even the foods, such as vegetables and the like, could be acquired from that particular contact. Although the prices offered were not "friend prices", they were still dirt cheap, so I was grateful for that. Strictly speaking, the total sum was so low that it even made me wonder if it would really cost only one silver coin a month to keep three horses. Could the cost be around the same as keeping dogs and cats in Japan?

In truth, if one was to muse over the idea of purchasing a horse in Japan, it would definitely not be cheap. The price was astronomical to the point that it would make one wonder if they were actually purchasing a cruiser or a horse. It would be a different story if one was to purchase a horse in places like Hokkaido as well.

It seemed that the villagers' favorability towards me increased after they found out that I had hired Aurica, who was jobless and also visually impaired. They could converse with me easily, though the conversations were typically simple ones that revolved around the mansion, my business, or Diana (since she's an elf), so I was able to answer them accordingly. I used to have the impression that 99% of the villagers were farmers but, considering that it is the only village close to Erishe, there are people who work there too.

Those are villagers who commute to the city. Although, the word 'commute' doesn't seem to be a word that is suitable to be used in a fantasy world like this.

I decided to leave the task of procuring goods from the village entirely to Aurica. I was also planning to have Marina learn how to purchase items as well, to even out the workload after some time, but Aurica would have to bear this responsibility for the time being. After all, all she needed to do was to procure goods from her own village, so there shouldn't be any problem.

Although, if I were to buy a large quantity of straw and horse feed, would she be able to carry them all by herself?

For the time being, we returned to the mansion after purchasing the straw and horse feed. I also acquired vegetables and a bag of rice. Simple cooking utensils were prepared by Hetty-san in the mansion and tableware were also readied there already.

Not to mention, we could have all the water we could drink from the well, too. I guess this should be sufficient concerning our food.

Aurica would start working tomorrow, but it seemed that she had not prepared anything even though she would be living with us from now on. It would indeed be too much for Aurica to share the same bed with Diana and Marina as well, so I would have to prepare another one for her.

Well, I would be able to make use of the bed in the future, so I will do something about it, one way or another. Futon should be fine too, I guess. The only problem was concerning the maid uniform, but it should be alright to get them from the second-hand stall in the market.

...In truth, I would like to get a cute custom-made one. A tailored uniform! But, considering that I had expended most of my funds already, it would be impossible for now.

Aurica's employment was done through verbal agreement since I did not plan to use the spirit contract every single time. If she were to run off after this, I would be the one to lose out since I lost one spirit stone. However, in my opinion, it wasn't necessary to strongly bind someone with something like a spirit contract.

One might say that it was naive of me, but I thought it would be better to 'believe and be deceived than to be wary and doubt someone'. It was the saying of the protagonist from my favourite manga as well.

After Hetty-san carried the baggage into the mansion, she went back into the carriage after saying, "I'll come again."

Following that, Rebecca-san taught us basic horse care before dusk.

While I was feeding the horses, a feeling sprouted inside me:

"Cute. Horses are cute. These otherworldly horses might be huge, but they're cute."

Marina and Diana seemed to feel the same way as me. They appeared so delighted that they ended up feeding the horses too many carrots, so Rebecca-san had to warn them against overfeeding the horses.

I should practice horse riding tomorrow since it would be embarrassing not knowing how to ride one after purchasing them.

...Once I mastered horse riding, I should add 'horse riding' into the list of skills in my resume...

After that, we tried cooking some dishes.

Just as expected, Diana couldn't cook at all. It was at the point where it was clear that she had never been in a kitchen before (she had never even hold a kitchen knife before).

...Nevertheless, such a thing wouldn't be a problem for a high elf with cheat abilities like her.

She could simply use her spirit magic to light up the firewood, or transfer the water from a jar. Moreover, she could also easily summon the light spirit for illumination.

What the heck... What kind cheat abilities are those?

Didn't she say that she wasn't able to use her spirit magic while her guidance was still not fulfilled?

"I can use simple ones." [Diana]

When I asked Diana about it, that was the reply given.

"I can use them here because this mansion is overflowing with spirit power."
[Diana]

Even though she said she could use 'simple spirit magic', I wouldn't know the actual limit of the spirit magic that she could use...

On the other hand, while Marina might not be as good as Rebecca-san, she was capable of cooking, at the very least. It gave me an unexpected feeling when I saw her humming while she was cooking the potatoes. It was surprising to me because I had initially expected her to be the clumsy type who would mistake sugar for salt.

Alternately, I was in charge of cooking the rice. To be precise, I went back to my parents home and cooked it using a rice cooker. I could cook it using a pot, but... it would be easier with a rice cooker since I definitely could not mess it up...

All the dishes were delicious as usual and the rice that was cooked with the rice cooker seemed to be popular, too. The mushroom dish made by Marina was slightly salty though.

After our cooking, I went back to Japan as I had to prepare the bed before night time.

Once I returned to my room, I started up my PC to check on the results of the auctions.

Even though the auctions had not ended yet, the bids were piling up gradually. Well, it was to be expected since the starting bids were set at 1 yen. I wasn't sure if this would end up becoming a bidding war and inflate the bidding prices, but that was precisely the reason why I should test the waters first.

While I was at it, I checked the thread, too.

Could it be due to the winter break? The thread seemed to be turbulent. However, that was not something that was out of ordinary. Since I was busy, I went through just two to three responses. It seemed that some kind of site has been created and new residents have been flowing in this thread after reading what was summarized there.

In other words, I guess I should be more careful of what I post in the thread. That said, there shouldn't be people who would really believe that I could travel through the mirror to another world. Even I had a hard time believing it myself after I came back to this side.

Well, there shouldn't be any problem if they were to continue assuming that what I had shown them so far were CG effects.

The bed frame that used to be my sister's was kept in the storeroom, so I brought it out, along with the futon that was kept in the closet in the guest room.

Assembled, they made a perfect bed for Aurica.



The next day, everyone, including Aurica, went to the temple. Naturally, the reason we were going there was to heal Aurica's eyes with the spirit stone. I was told that one spirit stone would be sufficient for the job, but there were cases whereby they might not work depending on the types of spirit stone used, so I brought two of mine just in case. Since the lapis lazuli was the first spirit stone I acquired, I intended to keep it as a memento, hence I would be using the opal instead. Well, if the opal doesn't work, then I will use the lapis lazuli, since I wasn't that fixated on it.

Priestess-chan was cute as usual today. I managed to take pictures of her secretly, though Diana almost blew my camera to smithereens. It might be rash of me to have taught Diana about camera previously...

Upon releasing the power of the spirit stone, Priestess-chan chanted the magic for eye recovery and the treatment was completed in an instant. It seemed that the opal alone was adequate for the job. The lapis lazuli seems to be classified as a high-grade spirit stone, called the 'Azure Sky Gem' or something along that line. In short, it was probably a waste to use it due to its value. Rather, it surprised me that I was in possession of such a good spirit stone.

Apparently, the best spirit stone is one that has a solid colour, followed by one that has high transparency (The crystal used by the mayor to enchant the present previously was one of great quality). It seems that a multi-coloured spirit stone like the opal is not that highly valued.

"What about diamond?" I enquired, and received a simple, "What's that?" in reply.

However, I noticed Diana looking somewhat surprised about it, so I tried probing her.

"Do you know about it, Diana?!" [Jirou]

She evaded my question.

I didn't have much information about spirit stones since they were too rare in this world.

Aurica, whose eyesight had recovered by the special power of the spirit stone, started leaping up and down like a foolish child as she shouted, "I can see! I can really see! It's amazing, it's amazing! Danna-sama, thank you~~"

Although, my plan to have a 'glasses-wearing girl' was ruined, it would be fine as long as the person herself was satisfied...

However, I decided to start a new 'maid with fake glasses' plan instead, since it is what men dream of. No, I wasn't wrong in that.

I should buy fake glasses next time.

After we left the temple, we went straight to the Chamber of Commerce and Industry in order to rent a space in the market.

I had already acquired a mansion, horses, and I had also hired a maid. However, I would go broke if I didn't begin my business soon.

Thus, I decided to rent an area in the 'Household and miscellaneous goods' zone. I was initially interested in starting out in the 'Second-hand clothing and used items' zone, but since the merchandise that I would be selling is brand new, I had no choice but to set up my store in the new zone. Although, even if I said it was a store, it was actually just a stall.

When I asked the employees, it seemed that there were more spaces available compared to the previous time (it was the day before yesterday, actually). It was understandable though, since there would be frequent changes to the reservations in the beginning of the month.

According to Hetty-san, I should apparently "Start throughout the island, establish my position, then make my way up..." which I didn't really understand, but there was no reason to fuss over exactly where to set up my first stall.

That said, I would still like to confirm what the neighbouring stalls would be selling, so I took the opportunity to go through several areas in the market when it was less crowded; in fact, I decided to carry out a preliminary inspection in the market before I begin my business.

For the time being, it seemed that there was only one section in the 'Household and miscellaneous goods' zone where new items were sold (upon closer look, I

noticed a few second-hand items mixed in as well). It appeared to be quite impressive in comparison to the ‘Second-hand clothing and used items’ zone.

A youngster, who seemed like a disciple of a blacksmith, was tending a stall where knives were sold, looking as if he had too much time in his hand. The merchandise that were displayed for sale were Western knives made of iron. They seemed to be the typical type that were used in household. Although the ones up for sale came in different sizes, the longest one was almost 80 cm in length – one could easily use a knife of this length as a weapon. There were huge butcher knives for sale, too.

At the tableware stalls, there were bowls that were carved from wood, earthenware bowls, glass cups, and other kinds of bowls sold, but they didn’t seem to have any porcelain bowl.

The kitchen appliance store was stocked with a huge amount of items, some never before seen—from iron frying pans, cooking chopsticks, spatulas, small seasoning jars, and tongs to measuring cups, ladles, wooden bowls, and bamboo strainers. The sales space seemed to take up two blocks. Everything else was like a general shop—wall ornaments and furniture shops, sewing shops, rug and carpet shops, clothing, bags, woodworking supplies, farm tools, hair ornaments and hats, parchments, paintings. In short, everything was on sale. There was an incredible number of stores, so I couldn’t check all of them, but as long as I set up a shop here, I can eventually figure it out. And if there are good products, I can also import them to Japan.

As I looked at the seasoning, I remembered. The value of salt in this world is surprisingly common, and basically free.

This is apparently because of the numerous salt lakes in this world. Among them there are essentially pools of salt formed over a long period of time through this cycle: “seawater puddle → evaporation → seawater inflow → evaporation → seawater inflow → evaporation”, just one of which is enough to never lack salt again.

That’s why everyone freely uses salt while cooking here. It’s commonplace for meat and fish to be cooked with herbs and baked in a salted crust. There are also a lot of processed food preserved in salt.

Better yet, I should just bring the salt to Japan and say, “Abundant amounts of

unknown mineral! Salt from another world!” and sell it—but food products are a little risky, so never mind that.

Well, there’s no guarantee something weird like that would even sell in the first place. Even through net auctions.

Going around the area I had my eye on, I decided on a corner between a tool maintenance shop and a shoe store that looked good. I didn’t want to have overlapping products with the shops next door, so it was perfect.

Not to mention I could always get my items on hand fixed at the maintenance store if needed.

I returned to the Chamber of Commerce and Industry and signed the contract. The contract fee is one silver coin for a month. They strangely did not have single week contracts, so I signed for a month.

The place is “Black No. 21”. It seems like it’s named by colour, depending on the island.

Since there will be a flea market tomorrow, I should advertise my shop as I sell my items. Yup, I should do that. I will probably open my stall in the market three days from now. I’ll have to re-purchase products for the market as well.

In any case, my merchant life in another world begins here! Let’s work hard!

Chapter 52 – The smell of cotton from the street stalls

“Hello. I’m Jirou, and I’m starting a store here from today on. Please take care of me.” [Jirou]

Early in the morning, I greeted both of my neighbouring shopkeepers who were preparing their own stores for the day, and opened my first store in the other world (not that I ever had a store in Japan either).

Right now it was still only my first store, but I had an endless stock of things to sell, so I thought of opening a second or third store depending on the circumstances. Well, there was a limit to the profit that could be made from a street stall, so if I really wanted to make money, I shouldn’t be wasting my time on this (since wholesale stores were definitely more profitable), but there was something alluring about having my own store.

It was a bit of an exaggeration to call it a store, as it was really just a simple stall in the corner of the market, with products lined up on a tablecloth-covered table. The table and things were prepared by Rebecca-san, who was here keeping me company again today because she was worried about me.

Having a shop assistant in a stall was such a rare experience that it made my heart dance in excitement. It felt like I was at a festival, or rather managing a festival...

If I were to compare it to a school festival, would it be something like a class stall? At any rate, I was just reselling what I bought in Japan.

The products that were lined up in the market were purchased from Japan just yesterday. The goods placed in the online auctions had also been steadily receiving bids, which made me dare to stock up a little more. I only bought more low profit items, rather than the highly profitable wool that sold at the flea market.

—Since my current funds were very low, I thought perhaps it would have been

better to bring something that would reap a huge profit at once, even if it would be a little risky.

However, that would probably stood out too much – in a bad way. Even the amateur knife I made earned me ten gold coins, so if I had brought something worth serious money from Japan, 1000 gold coins in a month wouldn't be impossible. But continuously bringing products from Japan that might reap such huge profits would have been dangerous, and perhaps put me at a high risk of catching people's eyes.

It would be an unusual sight to other people if they were to see a young man selling never before seen items at a bargain, with an elf in tow. In the first place, just having an elf companion made me stand out from the crowd. (However, it *was* a relief that no one realised Diana was a slave due to the tattoo covering the slave mark.) I didn't want to catch any more weird attention than I was already receiving.

That was the reason why those kinds of huge dealings should only be done after I get acquainted with some trustworthily rich people. There was absolutely no need to rush down the path to wealth, as I already have more than half of what I wanted anyway.

So that's why, for the market, I focused only on merchandise that would bring a decent amount of profit without bringing needlessly unwanted negative attention.

The story goes back to yesterday.

In high spirits about opening a stall at the flea market, I was arranging the yarn that I had bought in bulk at the 100 yen shop a couple of days ago. As they were sold out in an instant the last time, and it was easy to lie about the origins of these kind of materials, I had stocked up on them while thinking, "This seem to be a product that would sell easily."

Although I use the general term "yarn," they actually come in different kinds, from 100 percent wool to acrylic, and even types that technically couldn't be called yarn. That was why I had thought of opening a stall that dealt in all kinds

of yarns in the market. Even so, I had only purchased 100 percent wool yarn from the 100 yen shop this time.

I decided to price the yarn at 30 El (approximately 4500 yen) for one ball. The acrylic ones had been sold for 10 El each the last time, so I was a little bold this time. If all 50 balls were to be sold, that would equal 225,000 yen. It would be considered an exceptional profit if I could earn that much in just one day (not to mention, I was also selling it in a market).

Fuhahaha!

At that moment, I wondered what would happen once I began operating my stall in the market. The yield might be so lucrative that it would be frightening.

Nevertheless, once I started selling them, I realized that the result wasn't what I had initially expected. The yarn didn't seem to sell that easily.

Actually, the yarn did sell, but they weren't exactly selling like hotcakes. Occasionally, there would be wealthy-looking ladies buying three or four of them while commenting that the yarns were cheap, but that was just about it.

Seeing as there were customers that commented that the yarn was cheap, I knew they weren't priced too high. I wasn't sure where the problem lay. The previous time, all the yarns were purchased by the first lady that came...

Ah, I see. I soon realized the root of the problem. It was simply because there wasn't a high demand for this item. Yarns are not a daily necessity, and even if the price is cheap, the item would be of no use to my customers if they could not knit. But for those who do knit, cheap yarn definitely interest them. That's all there is to it.

Nevertheless, the result was as planned since I had still made a profit. The customers who bought the yarn were mainly wealthy-looking ladies, so if I retain them as customers, they should purchase from me regularly.

If I was able to nurture my relationship with my customers, earning their loyalty, I would say that the start of my business in Erishe was on the right track.

Loyal customers could be considered "fans" in a good way, or to put it harshly, "devotees."

They would keep coming back for more on a regular basis and recommending

us to other people in the area. It is highly unlikely that they would change to another supplier.

To reach that point, customers would usually go through these stages:
Possible Customer → Customer → Repeat Customer → Loyal Customer
Once you retain people as loyal customers, it will not only help maintain stable sales, but also give other potential customers a favourable impression of the stall, too.

It's my goal to achieve 1000 customers with Japanese-style customer service!

At around midday, I tried enquiring the woman who bought eight balls of yarn about the actual demands for this item.

Apparently, the skill of knitting itself is fundamentally taught orally by mothers to their children. The number of people who possess this skill is also lesser than in the past (Though the number of people with the knowledge is scarce, it appears there are still people who know how to do so due to the selected few who acquire this as vocation). Additionally, it seems that the price of knitting materials such as yarn had increased.

Even though she was happy that my yarn was cheap, I was told by the woman, albeit politely, that the quality was slightly inferior. It seemed that they would be fine for everyday usage, but wouldn't be suitable to be presented as a gift to someone.

Un... Un?

...I didn't know that they were cheap in that sense. Even though they were purchased from 100 yen shop, I hadn't expected that the quality would be that bad. In other words, they were "cheap" in terms of quality...

Rather, if I could even sell this quality of yarn at 4500 yen each, how much would the high-quality yarn in this world sell at?

When I asked the woman, I was told that it would be around 150 El each.

TAKEEEEEEEE !

22,500 Yen! For just one ball of yarn!

One might need at least four balls of yarn just to knit a muffler. That is to say, just a single muffler would cost a little less than 100,000 yen. That sudden jump in price is no small amount!

Hmm. I guess there is a need to improvise the plan if there is a high supply of high-end yarn...

Frankly, I wanted to rake in the cash as soon as I could, but I didn't want to attract attention by being too profitable.

Would it be safe to gain the profit this way? I suppose the scenario was likened to a young foreigner selling vicuña's wool that he had acquired from somewhere on the roadside in Japan.⁽²⁾

That wouldn't do.

I don't want to stand out too much, if possible. Even selling the balls of yarn at 4500 yen each was already unreasonable, so I didn't want to go overboard... For example, if I were to bring high quality yarn over from Japan and sell all 50 of them at 100 Ei each here, I would be earning a total of 5 gold coins. That would be equivalent to earning 750,000 yen in just a single day. If that were to be the case, it wouldn't be strange even if I were to end up being mugged. At the moment, I don't have the means to defend myself against robbers. It would be different if I were in an area where military police were around, but it would be bad if I were attacked on my way back to the mansion.

I had previously decided not to sell papers, so as to avoid drawing too much attention to myself since they were so profitable, if I sell other items that would yield similar amounts of profit instead, it would have contradicted my initial aim.

—So, after encountering such circumstances yesterday, I decided to open up a “sewing supplies and accessories” stall in the market, selling relatively cheap sewing and embroidery threads, cotton and linen yarn, and buttons. I displayed a few handicraft items, too.

After I had done the research on the prices of each item, I priced all of them at 70% of the market price, except for the wool yarn. The price I chose on the yarn was only slightly cheaper than the market price, and I displayed only a few of them at a time, so as to appear that I was carrying only a limited quantity of the yarn. However, the yarn was of high quality this time. This was so I could identify and sell them to only potentially good customers.

The reason why I changed the main product to fabric was because wool yarn

was unexpectedly expensive— There were other items as well, but in any case, fabric was the stall's main product, at least for now.

Also, yesterday, there were about 20 balls of wool yarn that remained unsold at the end of the day. In spite of that, I had still earned about 900 EI after selling 30 of them for 30 EI each. That would be equivalent to 135,000 yen once I converted it, so it was overall fine in the end.

I had also informed the customer of where my stall would be located today, in hopes that she would be a repeat customer.

A brief digression. Hemp is an item that is cheap here but expensive in Japan. Whenever I heard that item mentioned, I associated it with coffee filters, so I was under the impression that it was a cheap material. (1) However, if you actually tried purchasing an item made of hemp from a handicraft store, you would be surprised by how expensive it was. Cotton is seriously much cheaper in comparison.

Because it was actually expensive, I wondered if I should stock up on products made of hemp, as it might have appeared strange if I had none for sale at all. In the end, I decided to add the hemp products to my display. It wouldn't even matter if I couldn't sell them off, since they were mostly there as 'camouflage'.



On the first day I opened my stall in the market, the goods I displayed seemed to be selling well. As expected, there were not many people who wished to purchase yarn. Fabrics, on the other hand, seemed to be high in demand. I wasn't sure if there would always be a constant demand for fabrics, but I soon realized that half of the customers were actually queuing up for that item. I wondered if I should have a promotion to celebrate my grand opening, something like, "Customers who make any purchase today will receive a free needle set!"

...Just kidding. Back to the topic. I knew the real reason why there was such a high demand for my fabrics.

The local fabrics were all handwoven from handspun thread, while the ones I was selling were machine-woven fabrics, made of machine-spun thread. In terms of the fine details, softness, and elasticity, my products were far superior.

In terms of net value, that is, if you were to ask which fabric is worth more in Japan, nothing compares to how expensive handwoven fabrics can be. The ‘organic cotton’ that you hear about lately is probably part of that movement. Handwoven fabrics have an uneven spacing between threads, and the texture itself is thick and coarse. But if you put it in another way, it could be said to ‘have personality’, which is highly valued amongst certain eccentrics.

There were also customers who asked me questions, such as “How is it possible to sell such a great item for such a cheap price?” or “Hey, where is this from?” but I gave all of them the same reply: “Just between you and me, this is a special product only from the Elf’s village... I got my own connections, so I was able to sign a special contract with them...”

I explained the same thing to them, each time in a whisper. Diana seemed to be against it, though, as she looked as if she wanted to make a remark about it. However, her presence made it easier for me to convince the customers, so I’d like her to forgive me, her master, for being such an eloquent speaker.

Even though the items were discounted, 80% of them were sold by 2 pm, so we decided to close for the day. We purchased some ingredients and went back to the mansion to partake in the maid’s home cooking. Quite a few stalls in the market were already closed, so packing up by 2 pm was definitely not too early.

If I could have constant sales like this, it might be better for me to just open my stall in the morning. That way, I could make use of the spare time in the afternoon to hunt for items in the net auction, put other goods for sale, or spend some time with Diana and Marina. I would like to practice horse riding and improve my swordsmanship, too.

The total sales on the first day was 1680 El. That would be equivalent to... 252,000 yen.

Halfway through, I noticed that I was making a little too much profit, so I suggested to the customers an alternative.

“We accept trade-ins, such as second-hand clothing that are still in good condition, fabrics, or even yarn.” [Jirou]

In doing so, I might be able to acquire other high-quality goods from another world.

Either way, I will be stocking up on used clothes and fabrics from here, so now is as good a time as any. In terms of efficiency, it might be better to earn a huge sum of money to acquire new clothes or fabrics. However, it didn't seem as if there would be any difference to the amount of bids I would receive, even if I were to auction new or old ones. For example: "Woven Cotton Fabric, brand new" or "Antique Cotton Fabric, used item in mint condition (or dead stock)", both descriptions might get me the same amount of bids.

Either way, I have to keep my trade-in service going (I have experience offering trade-in service for suits at a men's clothing store, so this was something similar.) In truth, there weren't that many customers who would come rushing in for this type of service. Even when there were, in the case of those who offered low quality goods as trade-ins, I could just offer a small discount. I would just feel grateful if I happened to acquire any possible good items from the trade-in.

All the goods this time were from a large local handicraft store, so none of the items were from the 100 yen shop. Naturally, the total cost of all these items was much higher compared to the amount I would have spent if I were to purchase from a 100 yen shop. For instance, the price for a 100% plain white fabric with 100cm in width and 10cm in length is 60 yen. So if 1 meter long costs 600 yen, then 10 meters will be 6000 yen. This surprisingly made me realize how pricey fabrics could be.

However, I still procured them despite the expense, as I could still sell them for a profit in the market. In Erishe, the colours that were associated with Le Baraka, red, blue, white and green, were popular, so I got 30 meters (one-tenth hectare) of each.

In reality, I had wanted to procure velvet fabrics because I was under the impression that they were in quite high demand in the other world. I decided against it, simply because, at over 2000 yen per meter, they were expensive. Additionally, they couldn't be purchased in large quantities. If I were to sell such a product, I would have to deal with extremely wealthy customers as well, so it would be better to do so after observing the condition of the flea market a little

more.

Since fabrics are sold by the meter, I thought of bringing mother's scissors from home to divide the fabrics, but it seemed impossible for a complete amateur to cut a 110 cm wide fabric perfectly straight.

Even when I gave it my best, my effort still wound up in disgrace when my cutting gradually slanted to one side. I couldn't cut a straight line at all.

After practicing with everyone, I realized that Marina was surprisingly the one among us who was most adept at cutting the fabric, so I entrusted her with that duty initially. Nonetheless, I was surprised to receive negative feedback from my customers. Many said, "I don't want those Turks to touch my fabric." In the end, after practicing numerous times, and wasting so much fabric, I somehow learned to cut a straight edge.

The price for the fabric was fixed at 10 El per meter.

Since I acquired them at 600 yen per meter, selling them at 1500 yen per meter was probably reasonable. Actually, considering the amount of profit earned from the yarn, the price for the fabric was really fair.

Well, you know how the saying goes, "You win some, you lose some." At least I hadn't exactly lost anything.

However, my customers might have gotten a different impression. Since the price set was at 70% of the market price, they might have thought that I wasn't making much of a profit.

Well, anyway, there were various complications along the way, but I sold off 80% of the fabrics. The fact that white and red were popular while green was unpopular somehow made me relate it to reality.

In any event, if the booming sales were to continue at this rate, there was no doubt that my inventory in Japan would soon be depleted, so I had to replenish the merchandise through the net auction.

Once I save up enough money here, I could purchase items such as small statues made of pure gold, or other gold accessories, as it would be easier to convert them into cash in Japan. (They might fetch a pretty decent amount of money if I were to sell them at a gold purchase centre.) It might be a better idea to work hard to earn money here until I reach that amount rather than just

focussing on profiting through the net auction.

The moment I returned to the mansion, I was welcomed by Aurica.

“Welcome back, Danna-sama!” [Aurica]

...What was that? Didn’t men dream of being welcomed home by a maid?

Though, just that wasn’t enough. I had properly prepared the most crucial thing!

I calmly handed the maid’s clothing to Aurica.

Though it wasn’t new, it was classic maid’s clothing; it was a dark blue long dress with a white apron attached. The headdress was not included when I purchased it, so I bought it separately.

Once she changed into this outfit, the place transformed into *Shangri-la* .

An elf, a dark elf, and even a maid were in the mansion living and eating together with me...

What should I do? What on earth should I do?

I didn’t know what to do with the excitement bubbling up inside of me.

...So, I decided to snap pictures for the time being. (TL & ED: ...)

(1) Hemp is a type of material used to make coffee filter. More about it [here](#).

(2) A Vicuña is a wild relative of the llama and is believed to be an ancestor of the alpaca. Vicuña’s wool is one of the most expensive wool in the world. More about it [here](#) under “Vicuña”.

Chapter 53 – The smell of smooth business in the other world

After that, business went relatively smoothly.

I had expected harassment from rival stores, but while the fabrics I stocked were nicely textured, they were all thin and unsuitable for the type customers that wanted more durable fabric. This allowed me to differentiate my store from rival stores (as regular fabric stores usually sold thicker fabric). As for what people used them for: lining or tailoring pajamas and undergarments. They were well received. With that being said, sales were not booming (this was according to the plan, in a way). Earnings landed on an average, 1500 el on a good day and under 1000 el on a bad day (a moderately popular store for that market). Most of the customers were women, so as long as the current level of popularity was maintained, I would be able to continue this business in peace. Considering it was a stall, the earnings were actually quite great.

“Anyway, this might be the limit for the scale of a single store... I could have multiple stores if I wanted to make more money, and there is merit in being able to disperse the risk...In that scenario, should I have the same merchandise or release something different...? I have plenty of products...But I went through the trouble of opening a fabric store, I might as well specialize in fabrics for a while...but then again...It’s fine to increase store numbers, but having to hire people...It will be tough to manage it all...”

“What’s wrong, Jirou? Muttering to yourself like that.”

It seemed like I had voiced my thoughts about my business plan out loud, as Rebecca-san heard me. She had come to help out at the store. Well, since Rebecca-san knew the secret about the mirror already, she should be trustworthy enough to confide in. Yes, I should talk about it with her.

“–And that’s how it is. Personally, I don’t want to do any business that draws unnecessary attention. In terms of products, it’s not as though it’s my dream to become the best merchant in Erishe. If I continued down that path, I’d have to hire tons of people and I’d probably become too busy... If possible, I’d like to

work half days while still making a decent amount of income—that would be most ideal.”

I admit it. I’m a trash.

But since I’m in another world and all, it’d be a waste to spend all day working!

Even if that weren’t the case, as long as I was the only one capable of stocking products, I had to be extremely careful when proceeding with any business expansions. Stocking aside, all of the storefront duties and net auctions were done by me too. (It didn’t seem like Diana and Marina could help with much. I figured that out pretty quickly.)

If only...no, ultimately, I guess I would have to hire 1 or 2 people that I could take advantage of.

Rebecca-san said she’d help out whenever she was free, but since the spawn rate of monsters had increased due to the rumoured “Monster Wave”, I couldn’t call her out of her house all the time.

It was too bad, as Rebecca would have been perfect for the job.

“I see. So what are you going to do? If you want, I can introduce you to some nobles I know. There are lots of rich nobles that you could profit off if you have interesting items, you know? You’d have to go all the way to the imperial capital though, so I can’t introduce you until after the “Monster Wave” is over.”

“Wow, Rebecca-san knows nobles?!”

“Yes, some past connections. Their title isn’t that highly ranked, but they have a lot of money. A libertine who makes a hobby of spending 100 gold coins on rare tamed magic beasts.”

100 gold coins, or 100 times 150,000 yen. That was 15,000,000 yen. A whole house.

“So what will you do?”

But even so.

“Err... I’d like you to introduce me eventually, but for now, I’d like to slowly work my way up in Erishe. Could you introduce your noble to me later?”

I wasn't at a stage where I could go to the imperial capital and discuss business with nobles yet. I didn't even know how far the imperial capital was from Erishe...

"I see... Then you'll have to hire someone after all. There are lots of people who want to work in Erishe... But if you want to leave it all to someone else, you should use the guild office."

"Ah, come to think of it, I heard the guild did agency work like that..."

"Yup. There're many kids with vocations related to trade, and they bind spirit contracts too. I don't think it's a bad idea."

"Kids? You mean it isn't full of old men who failed at job hunting?"

"There are people like that... but they mainly handle apprentice agencies for kids who just received their blessing."

Apprentice agencies! Come to think of it, the apprentice system was mentioned in my original world's history classes.

"But kids who just received their blessing... wouldn't they be around 10 years old?"

"They receive their blessing at 10 years old, but the guild's agency is for 12-year-olds. Also, children from moderately wealthy families will wait until they leave school, so they can be a little older."

I see. But...

"An apprentice is... like a disciple, right? That means I'd be their master. ...To be honest, I don't have any confidence in that... I'm still feeling my own way around."

Rebecca sighed when I said the word 'apprentice' with trepidation.

"Jirou, you are too serious. They are pupils, you don't need to think about it too deeply. You only need to think about making them work for you."

"But it's not like I can take care of someone else's kid."

"Once you receive the blessing, the Great Spirit will give you guidance."

Apparently, in this world, if you have received the blessing you are considered

an adult and are pushed out to fulfil your calling by default. Each guild mediates for them. Of course, the Chamber of Commerce and Industry (The merchant's guild) introduces kids whose calling is related to trade to their new masters. Normally, kids leave elementary school at age 12 and enter society. Only a select few who are wealthy can go on to a higher education. It's a world with callings, there isn't much need to go further in school, I guess. Your path is already decided by the great spirit. It's a constraining world when you think about it.

Well, if that was the case, I'll just show my face at the guild and find out what I could. A 12-year-old probably wouldn't scrutinize the stock, I think.



It goes without saying that Aurica's guidance (acquire another language) would be to learn Japanese. But, the language spoken here is heard as Japanese to my ears while the Japanese that I speak is automatically translated (like a Translation Konjac⁽¹⁾). So, I was having trouble teaching the language and I was wondering what I should do when —

“Kore wa ringo desu. (This is an apple). Ringo (Apple). Oooh!” ⁽²⁾

—I realized that I could actually speak Japanese normally if I focussed all my attention on it.

Once I lost my focus, all my words would automatically be translated into the other world's language, but I could do it as long as I kept my mind on it.

Well, now that I think of it, I had never tried to apply myself and speak Japanese this way... Ultimately, I felt pretty lucky that I was now bilingual. It was an unforeseen blind spot.

And just like that, the biggest issue was resolved. I gave Aurica several notebooks, old picture books from home, and some used books and comics I purchased. Aurica was surprised not only at the books and comics but even at the notebooks and mechanical pencils. However, I just told her that they were 'items from my homeland', and made her take them.

Aurica was just a kid from the countryside. She would say, 'Wow, I didn't know about these things.' and be satisfied.

The issue was, how am I going to teach her? This, of all things, was going to be hard for a high school graduate NEET.

I guess what I could do was to write all kinds of words and sentences in Japanese, and the local language in the notebook, and have Aurica decipher it by herself...

Or, it would also be a good idea to speak with Aurica in Japanese all the time. Classes where we learn English by speaking to foreigners at the train station were supposed to be about fun, or so they say. [\(3\)](#)

It was uncertain whether vocational corrections for secretaries applied to learning new languages (normally you'd assume better writing and faster shorthand), but it'd be a huge advantage if it did. Since their learning efficiency would be five times as much.

Well, at any rate, it would be slow and steady at the start.

'Kore wa pen desu.' [This is a pen]

'Watashi no namee wa Jirou desu.' [My name is Jirou]

'Ashita wa ame ga furu deshou.' [It will probably rain tomorrow]

'Watashi wa uma ni noru no ga suki desu.' [I like riding horses]

'Onaka ga sukimashita.' [I'm hungry]

'Ofuro ni shimasu ka? Soretomo gohan?' [Would you like to take a bath first? Or dinner?]

'Kyou wa mou nemashou.' [Let's sleep now]

'Kyou wa watashi no ban desu.' [It's my turn today]

Okay... let's leave it at that for today...



The items I put up for auction were successfully sold.

Their bids didn't reach too high, but most items were within an acceptable price range.

For example...

◇Antique Leather Bag ☆Authentic Leather ☆Brown – Shipping Included◇

Congratulations! Your item has successfully sold.

Final Bid: 11,300 yen

Total Bids: 32

◇European Secondhand – Antique Embroidered Blouse x2 – Shipping Included◇

Congratulations! Your item has successfully sold.

Final Bid: 12,500 yen

Total Bids: 55

◇Antique Wooden Shoe Mould – Size 3 (12.5cm) – Rare – Shipping Included◇

Congratulations! Your item has successfully sold.

Final Bid: 4,400 yen

Total Bids: 16

◇Various Antique Patchwork Apron x10 – Shipping Included◇

Congratulations! Your item has successfully sold.

Final Bid: 56,100 yen

Total Bids: 87

◇Natural Wooden Chopping Board – Walnut? – Shipping Included◇

Congratulations! Your item has successfully sold.

Final Bid: 6,350 yen

Total Bids: 29

◇Chain Mail – Authentic Antique – Mens M Size – Shipping Included◇

Congratulations! Your item has successfully sold.

Final Bid: 42,110 yen

Total Bids: 68

◇Antique Bronze Falcon Trinket – 16cm – Shipping Included◇

Congratulations! Your item has successfully sold.

Final Bid: 9,750 yen

Total Bids: 40

◇Antique Buckler – Round Shield – Authentic – Shipping Included◇

Congratulations! Your item has successfully sold.

Final Bid: 13,200 yen

Total Bids: 58

Only the apron and chainmail sold for higher than what I had expected. With the apron, I had initially thought that earning 10,000 yen would be good. So, I was definitely surprised about that. I wonder if there are apron collectors out there?

The chainmail wasn't just chains woven together, it was stitched to a thick fabric with three-quarter sleeves and leather lining. It was comfortable to wear and looked pretty cool.

On the other hand, the buckle was made of leather with a cool design on it, so I thought it would also do well, but it didn't. I should have used a model.

The bids for the other items rose above my expectations by a fair bit, proving that the overwhelming 'authentic feeling' of the other world items resulted in better bids after all. They were probably attracting more attention because I was putting them up for 1 yen, yet they had never ended at a low price.

This time I also had other items like cotton sheets and antique linens on auction, so altogether they made about 200,000 yen.

With this amount, I could restock a lot of items again.

◇◆◆◆◇

I haven't been looking at the bulletin board lately as I had gotten slightly tired of it.

Well, the fairy boards weren't that popular to begin with, and the threads didn't progress as much without me present. However, the number of users had increased lately since a new web portal was created.

I said web portal, but it was more like an archive of the old threads posted on a site. In a way, it was simply a storage of past logs.

I uploaded a photo of Aurica with a horse from the other day. But with the new users there, the thread was a little different than usual.

[Serious] The Mirror in My House Connected to Another World #6 [Talk]

264: 1 ♦ Xc544iUoWE

I was surprised a web portal was made

Don't go overboard

I finally bought some horses

And a village girl

Horse 1

<Image address>

Horse 2

<Image address>

Horse 3

<Image address>

Maid-chan

<Image address>

Maid-chan in charge of the horses

<Image address>

Dinner with everyone

<Image address>

265: Anonymous Fairy

It's 1! Take me to Alfheim!

I beg of you!

266: Anonymous Fairy

If anything 1's world is Svartalfheim

Dark elf-wise

267: Anonymous Fairy

The horses lmao

Can you even feed 3

268: Anonymous Fairy

M-Maid... so good...

The modest long sleeve long skirt even more so...

269: Anonymous Fairy

Tbh I'm so jealous of 1 I want to die

270: Anonymous Fairy

What book is Maid-chan holding?

271: Anonymous Fairy

>>270

I've seen that book spine before...

272: Anonymous Fairy

Again, I am healed by Dark Elf-Chan's breasts

More closeup shots boi

273: Anonymous Fairy

A child is managing that huge mansion alone?

1 is horrible, that's a human rights violation

274: Anonymous Fairy

Alright! Let's all sue 1 and protect those girls!

275: Anonymous Fairy

Can reach 100k support

276: Anonymous Fairy

>>270

That has to be Nenaiko Dareda [\(4\)](#)

277: Anonymous Fairy

Are the horses CG too?

Or are they real?

278: Anonymous Fairy

1: "I can't afford to make everything with CG"

279: Anonymous Fairy

>>276

That's it!

But why a Japanese picture book? Can she read Japanese?

280: Anonymous Fairy

It's CG anyway...

281: Anonymous Fairy

They're Japanese cosplayers...

282: Anonymous Fairy

They're censored again

283: Anonymous Fairy

Horse: "I'm not censored, sir"

284: Anonymous Fairy

Someone ID the photos and locate 1's house already

I'm not above a little crime if it means I can go to another world

The only place where a useless 30 y.o virgin can start life again

Is in another world

285: Anonymous Fairy

Reported

286: Anonymous Fairy

Scary~

Super NEETs are scary~

287: Anonymous Fairy

Must be tough for 1

Finally uploading content only to be targeted by worthless NEETs

288: Anonymous Fairy

>>284

ID it with your special magic lol

289: Anonymous Fairy

1: "No one will judge me even if I kill you in this world, you know?"

290: Anonymous Fairy

So was the horse real or CG?

Anyone good at analysing here?

291: Anonymous Fairy

Well there're 3 expensive looking horses
If it was a photo taken in Japan it'd be easy to ID...
Seems like 1-san lives abroad so it's difficult

292: Anonymous Fairy

Image quality is so low it looks like it could be both
Photo or CG, 1 sure is a tease

293: Anonymous Fairy

Upload more photos of Elf-chan

294: Anonymous Fairy

I think it's about time to post some nudes

295: Anonymous Fairy

1: "There's no helping it" (Unbuttons his shirt)

296: Anonymous Fairy

Is 1 confirmed male?

Isn't there a possibility that 1's a girl?

297: Anonymous Fairy

>>296

Which was it?

298: Single Me ♦ 4noig329de

I think 1 is a man!

A harem is a man's dream, after all!

Being part of a merry circle of elves makes me SO JEALOUS

299: Anonymous Fairy

Gross

So gross

300: Anonymous Fairy

1-san is an electronic fairy so there's no gender

301: Anonymous Fairy

For now I uploaded the images to the portal site

302: Anonymous Fairy

Dark Elf-chan's a messy eater lol

303: Anonymous Fairy

Dumbass, that's the moe point

Probably

304: Anonymous Fairy

Even if it was Dark Elf-chan

Noisy eating would break the illusion

305: Anonymous Fairy

The tableware's the same as the one at my home

I bought mine from a 100 yen shop though...

Is 1 not living abroad?

306: Anonymous Fairy

Prob just a similar product

307: Anonymous Fairy

Even if they are CG models, why would he use something from the 100-yen shop?

Wouldn't higher quality models be better?

308: Anonymous Fairy

Maybe he just used what he had at hand. lol

309: Anonymous Fairy

So how's that night business going?

Have you laid your hands on Maid-chan yet?

310: Anonymous Fairy

1: "This is part of the job"

Maid: "Eek!"

311: Anonymous Fairy

Just how evil is 1

Good job, keep going

312: Anonymous Fairy

When will the redhead appear again

I like that person too so upload more

313: Anonymous Fairy

So what about that video?

Mobiles these days can take them too so please

I've been waiting for breast jiggling

314: Anonymous Fairy

Am I the only one who's jealous of the horses?

315: Anonymous Fairy

Yeah, yeah, it's only you

GJ for having hipster views

316: Anonymous Fairy

You don't have to attack him for it

I'm jealous of the horses too, you'd have to be really rich in Japan

It's not really possible for me to own one

317: Anonymous Fairy

Yes sure GJ with the self-defence

318: 1 ♦ Xc544iUoWE

Did you enjoy the photos?

I've been busy lately so I couldn't drop by

I'll bring some new images next time

Bye~

It felt like there were more believers than before.

The original residents of the site were used to threads like these, so they had a certain level of doubt from the beginning, but there were many new users who were more than willing to believe in it.

Well, if there were really people who would seriously believe in the existence of another world, they'd have to be completely loony.

Now, since the residents have had their elf hunger fed, I guess I'll upload

some priestess images next time.

- (1) A tool from Doraemon
- (2) I changed this to romaji (with the English translation in bracket) so that it'll be easier for you all to tell the difference
- (3) The catchphrase used here is, 'ekimae ryūgaku' ("study abroad near the train station": 駅前留学) This phrase from NOVA, an English language school in Japan.
- (4) Famous picture book in Japan

Chapter 54 – The smell of deceptive business talk

“I bought 10 metres of it on a whim, but... how do you put it... it’s gorgeous. Too gorgeous. It should be able to sell for quite a lot, but there’s no one to sell it to... The only rich person I’m acquaintances with is the mayor, and he doesn’t seem like the type who liked gorgeous things like this... Other than that, there’s Jephthah? It might be possible to do business through Hetty too... Hmm...”

The black fabric I had purchased targeted for the upper class people flowed out of my hands. While there are many fabrics that are considered gorgeous out there, the first one that would come to anyone’s mind would be this. Fabric so glossy it glimmered like the surface of water – velvet. This was the product I had decided to take on the rich people.

It was a bit of an exaggeration to say that, since the choice itself was based on a rather simple thought. The first fabric we imagine royalty from the medieval ages was velvet after all. So surely it must be high class and expensive here too! That was my thinking, anyway...

Well, there was also the fact that velvet was a fabric that had been around for a while, so there wasn’t as much danger of being investigated.

Since a lot of the latest fabrics would be difficult to sell in another world.

For example—

Patterned fabric.

The printing technology in this world was at best, woodblock printing. That in itself had a certain flavour to it, which made it somewhat popular as is, but there was still something different about it when compared to the perfectly uniform print of Japan. That was why I didn’t sell them.

Breathable waterproof fabric.

The latest material that repels water while letting water vapour pass through. A famous brand of which would be Gore-Tex. Fabrics like that. While its functions drew a line with normal waterproof plastic, there was no need to sell such high-quality fabric. “It lets vapour through! You won’t feel stuffy!” couldn’t make much of a sales pitch in a place where plastic didn’t even exist. Plus, it was expensive. That was why I decided against it.

Enamel fabric.

Similar to plastic, and too early for other-worlders. Immediate rejection. Or rather, I didn't even want to sell plastic.

Well, the fabric shop didn't sell much waterproof breathable fabric and enamel fabric to begin with, so perhaps I could become a leader of non-patterned fabrics?

Speaking of fabrics I didn't sell, that included leather and synthetic leather too.

To put it bluntly, the quality of leather in Erishe was as high as you would expect from another world and much cheaper than Japan. There were many varieties too, to the point that I wanted to import them to Japan instead.

Any other fabrics, I'll gradually start selling them over time.

They say that winter will come once the "Monster Wave" period passes, so the demand for warm clothes may increase. I could sell yarn or ready-made scarves, gloves, leg warmers or beanies.

The best option would be to bring heat packs over and just sell them as is.

For now, the matter at hand was this velvet.

In Japanese, it would be written as heavenly goose cloth. Read as tengajuu or biroudo or something. It was introduced to Japan at the beginning of the Edo period, so there's no doubt it was made from natural materials.

Well, it wasn't as though the customers inspected each and every material used, so it didn't really matter if there were any synthetic fibres such as polyester, nylon, acrylic, rayon and polyurethane.

For the record, the velvet in my hand was 100% Cupro. Yep, totally synthetic. It felt wonderful to touch.

"...And so, I'd like you to look at this fibre. What do you think?"

"It's really... beautiful..."

I showed it to Diana while shopkeeping at the stall. It seemed that Diana saw it as beautiful too. The cultural gap in values could be unexpected at times, so it was good to check.

...Though Diana's aesthetic sense wasn't entirely reliable either.

“Are you putting this in the store? A lot of people would want this.”

“This fabric... it’s called velvet, and it’s too gorgeous to sell like regular fabric. It’s not like I can price it the same as plain cotton either.”

Right now, the main product of the store was plain fabric purchased at 500 yen per metre and sold at 10 el—in other words, 1500 yen. The other products were also stocked at three times the cost, adjusted so that they didn’t make too much profit...

The velvet was purchased for 2,850 yen per metre (it was slightly more expensive than normal as it was bought from a specialist shop online rather than a bargain sale). Three times that would be 8,550 yen or 57 el. 57 el. In other words, five nickel coins and seven bronze coins. If paid for with a silver coin, four nickel coins and three bronze coins would be needed as change...

If all 10 metres were sold at the converted cost price it would be 570 el. Not even one gold coin.

I don’t really want to sell something this gorgeous at that price, to put it bluntly.

I’d like one gold coin at the very least, maybe two if I was being greedy.

“I’ll keep selling here for now, then try selling it once I’ve made some richer customers. It’s not like it’ll spoil or anything, so there’s no rush.”

However, the buyer appeared later that day.



In the afternoon, Rebecca-san and Hetty-san came to help.

Hetty-san was in Erishe doing backup work for Diana... or so the story goes, but there was no need for them to be together all the time, so she could move rather freely. I don’t know what she normally does, but sometimes Rebecca-san will say “I’m drinking with Hetty today~”, so she must be living a carefree life. Being the maid of the Solo family must be nice.

“Oh, you two are just in time. Have a look at this fabric. What do you think?”

“...Oh my. That’s some fabric.”

“...T-This shine... it’s a wonderful item, Jirou-sama. An item like this can’t be found around the imperial capital. Is it from the mountains... or is it produced in Erishe? You can’t underestimate the craftsmen around here...”

“That’s right... can’t see this in the imperial capital... wait, I have seen it somewhere before though...?”

Thank goodness. Even to Rebecca-san and Hetty-san, it looks like a good item. If it was like this, then I could price it as I liked. As long as I had someone to sell it to.

“Come to think of it, will Jephthah come visit here again soon?”

I asked Hetty-san.

“Eh? Ehm... master will be here soon, I think. Probably.”

“That seems kinda vague. Hasn’t anything been decided?”

“That’s right. He leaves everything to me.”

Is that so?

That day, we decided to round up everything and close shop at 2 to go drinking.

I sent Diana to make the bank deposit (without guards, but accompanied by Rebecca-san and Hetty-san) and was cleaning with Marina when someone familiar approached.

The usual jangly necklace and rings.

A vest decorated with gold embroidery.

Loose silk pants.

The overwhelmingly strong musky smell.

Dragging along brawny warrior slaves.

It was the chubby imperial city trader-kun I saw at the guild before.

I had already messed up his first impression of me... I didn’t really want to be seen doing cheap business in the corner of the market...

Thinking that, I turned my back to him so I wouldn’t be seen. But perhaps Marina’s Turk lineage made her purple hair stand out, or he had already decided on his path from the beginning, as he wandered closer while grinning

anyway.

I'd never forget the Chubby that kept sending dirty glances at Marina.

"Oh my oh my oh my, what do we have here? If it isn't the Turk tribe that merchant took some time ago. What's wrong? Why is a Turk tribe on the roadside like this?"

What a fake guy. This is a street stall, of course we'd be on the roadside! Were this guy's parents killed by the Turk tribe? He was sure obsessed.

"We're doing roadside sales, as you can see. Do you have a problem with that?"

"No? No no no, I have no complaints. Since people like you keep the economy circulating. Ah, do you know the word 'economy'? It's a word that used often in the imperial capital."

"...No, I know the word economy."

"Oh~ as expected of the esteemed merchant of Erishe. Earning petty change on the roadside—oh, excuse me. To think that young people like you would know the word 'economy'."

Chubby spoke while making grand gestures. All his movements were so unnatural, it was like watching a play... I guess other worlds are just like this. His clothes even looked like they had jumped out of a Shakespeare play. However, this person had said we were "earning petty change on the roadside". I haven't been looked down on so pleasantly in a long time. There was someone like this in the management of my black company era. "Can you figure this out, Ayase? A 20% discount off 160,000 and a 60% discount off 320,000, which is more worthwhile? Can high school graduates do calculations like this? Hmm?" I was made a fool of often like that...

"So great imperial trader-sama, why have you carried your legs all the way to this lowly market?"

"I'm just killing some time. The person I'm meeting with in Erishe is arriving late. Large markets like this don't exist in the imperial capital, after all. It's quite messy and interesting. To look at, at least. Ha ha ha!"

He always has something more to say.

He had shot one glance at our products, but as he said, he truly didn't seem to have any interest in anything other than looking. Well, he said he was a merchant, but I have no idea what this chubby guy sells, so it could be possible that his interests just didn't match.

...But he did seem loaded.

...He might make a good customer to sell that to. He wasn't local, either.

I stopped Chubby from leaving as he laughed.

"Since you came all the way from the imperial capital, how about buying a souvenir? I just received something rather rare today. I was thinking of selling it to the mayor or a noble, but... well, this works too."

Although he stopped moving, he had a dubious look on his chubby face. The shadows of that permanent grin on his face were also there.

"Oh my. You're either really brave, or really ignorant... There's no way I'd buy a souvenir in a place like this, don't you think?"

He seemed a little irritated. Well, to him, I was just a lowly roadside salesman yelling "Buy some souvenirs!" at him. In reality, that was exactly it.

"...If you have any eye for items, then yes."

I answered as I took the velvet fabric from my bag.

You couldn't miss the instant the look in Chubby's eyes changed.

"What do you think? Isn't it a wonderful item? There shouldn't be many items like this in the imperial capital. You can touch it with your hands if you want."

"H-Hmm... This is rather surprising. It's true that you don't see fabric this glossy in the imperial capital often. ...Where did you get this?"

"Of course that's a trade secret... is what I'd like to say, but I've mentioned it before. That I had an elf slave. Thanks to that connection, I started taking products from the elf village... Ah, do you know where the elf village is? It's quite a famous place in Erishe."

I returned his comments vengefully.

It's true that I have an elf slave, but the elf village was a lie.

However, from Chubby's point of view, the elf slave was also a lie, so the elf

village was just sarcasm attached to it—and it showed in the way his face flushed red with blood rising to his head.

...The thought had crossed my mind before, but this person really gets excited easily.

“H-Hmm... I see, I see. It seems like my studies are lacking too. To think items from an elf village were in circulation... As a merchant, I’d love to get my hands on a piece of that.”

“Unfortunately, the elf village has an exclusive contract with me. Ah, but you can buy wholesale from me though. So what will you do? With this fabric. I’ll give you a discount if you buy it right now.”

There’s no way I’d give a discount, though. You have to charge what you can!

“Exclusive, huh... You have a spiritual contract? With the elves.”

“Huh? Yes, that’s right. A spiritual contract.”

“I see, I see. Well, putting that aside, I will purchase the fabric. It’d be a good material to tailor a dress and gift to my wife.”

This guy has a wife? I guess since marriage happens early in this world, it wasn’t too strange. Especially for the son of a large merchant, arranged marriages were also possible.

“How much is it, then?”

“Erm, like I said in the beginning, this is a rare item that rarely leaves the elf village... Thus, the price isn’t cheap. Well, it should be pocket change for a large merchant from the imperial capital, though.”

Now, how much shall I wring out of him?

One or two gold coins? It was already a ripoff to charge two gold coins for 10 metres of this fabric at 30,000 yen—

“You can have it for 6,000 el.”

I went all-in.

Six gold coins. 900,000 yen.

The doubt showed on my own face. If I couldn’t keep a poker face in times like this, I was still an amateur. I’d get used to it eventually, though.

It seemed that even a great merchant from the imperial capital would be surprised by this, as he hesitated for a moment before letting out a sigh.

“6000 el is barely what I have on hand at the moment, but it’s not the amount I expected to spend in a place like this. Weren’t you planning on selling it for much cheaper?”

Chubby diverted the topic to haggle a lower price.

“Of course not, I was planning on selling it for much higher. But in order to forge a good relationship with the great merchant from the imperial capital, I am trying to learn more.”

“I see, I see. Then it can’t be helped. If you say we’ll be seeing each other again, I’ll buy it at your price this time. Ah, I’m glad I had enough on hand.”

“Thank you very much! I look forward to doing business with you again.”

And thus, that was how I successfully sold a fabric I purchased at 28,500 yen for 900,000 yen!

There will be a celebration tonight!



I received six gold coins in one sale. A slow and steady income was good, but earning a ton at once wasn’t bad either.

Chubby spent six gold coins to buy it, but was it really okay? He wouldn’t be yelled at by his papa, right? No matter what, 10 metres of fabric for 900,000 yen was too much.

I cleaned up as I basked in the weight of the six gold coins, and by the time I finished Diana and the others had returned.

“Ah, welcome back. Listen, about the fabric I told you about—”

“We’re back. Oh, we have something to tell you about the fabric just now. The three of us were talking, and we realised that fabric was—”

“I sold it for six gold coins!”

“It’s the Royal Cloth of the Night Demon... isn’t it? It might just seem similar,

but... eh?"

"Eh?"

"Eeeh?"

"..."

"Jirou-sama, you acted too fast. If it was the Royal Cloth of the Night Demon, it would have sold for no less than 50 gold coins... If it was a citizen of Erishe that bought it, then you can still find them and buy it back... The only ones that know of the Royal Cloth of the Night Demon are the nobles and great merchants of the imperial capital, after all."

"...Y-Yeah."

The Royal Cloth of the Night Demon was the fabric used in the mantle of the royal elf family. Rebecca-san had seen it once before, Hetty-san had heard of the name, and Diana said, "Come to think of it, Dad may have worn it before... in a different colour, so I didn't notice!"

Why... why couldn't you have said that earlier!

That velvet existed in this world, but only as a super rare item!

It wasn't as though I lost anything, but it felt like I had lost. The fabric itself could be restocked at any time, and it wasn't as though I had suffered a painful blow of any sort.

No matter how you look at it, that Chubby definitely saw the Royal Cloth of the Night Demon and bought it without saying anything, the sly bastard! He'd definitely come back saying "Sell me more~ sell me more~ sell me another one for six gold coins~"!

I guess the next restock will be next year! ...Is what I'll have to say to him, so stocking velvet in the future will be a little trickier...

But there's no point in worrying about it anymore.

Grandma always told me that picking yourself up quickly had an effect on your work.

Tonight was still a celebration, as planned!

At this time, the only thoughts that were in my head were the fact I had sold a

precious item for cheap, and that selling it for cheap had left me feeling like I had lost.

I hadn't considered what kind of actions a large merchant would take when he discovered that a paltry trader was monopolising a huge profit market—the thought hadn't even passed my mind.

And that would later come back to bite me in the ass—in the worst way possible.

Chapter 55 – The smell of the knight’s oath is an armoury

‘Mirror of Truth’

[Type]

Cosmetic Tool

[Name]

‘That One Specific’ Compact

[Description]

‘That one specific’ transformation spell.

Can transform into humans encountered previously.

Face only.

30 minutes.

[Magic Properties]

Transformation C

[Spiritual Protection]

None

[Owner]

Jirou Ayase

I cast ‘Mirror of Truth’ once more on the item I just purchased from the secondhand store.

“I guess this means it’s a transforming magic item after all, huh.”

A compact was a makeup item that consisted of powder or foundation and a puff, with a mirror on the back of the lid.

However the inside of this one was completely empty, and its only worth was in the mirror on the inside of the lid. The price was also based on the value of

the mirror at 300 el (which was still pretty expensive).

While I didn't know whether the contents were empty because they were lost over the years or simply used up, it didn't seem to have an effect on the 'transformation ability' so it wasn't a problem.

Yes, the transformation ability.

The day after I sold the velvet for six gold coins to Chubby, I decided to put the past behind me and go all-out spending! Thus, we went window-shopping. I was appraising interesting items with the skill 'Mirror of Truth' before buying them when I found this compact.

The shop owner had said "It's still useable if you put some powder inside it!", not realising it was an item with a special ability.

It seemed like the people here were oblivious to the special effects of items, just like when I bought my magic sword and Marina's halberd.

Though it may just be due to their low appraisal ability... but even so, this level of ability was way too low.

Even without a broken ability like 'Mirror of Truth', they should still have something more than this. Wasn't there anyone with an appraisal vocation out there?

But I suppose that meant I could get magical items like this at a much cheaper price. They were hard to come by even at secondhand stores, so searching for magic items was actually quite tough, but I was actually thinking of slowly collecting them to open a high-class magic item speciality store in the future. Then, I could sell the cheap items with special effects I had collected and sell them for 100 gold coins...

But that aside, I decided I would test the transformation ability of the compact after returning to the mansion. Since it seemed like it could be abused easily, it might end up shelved instead.

Next stop, the armoury!

I had a few weapons already, but the only armour I had was the mythril gauntlet I purchased before. I wanted to buy more soon.

In reality, I only ever travelled between the mansion and Erishe and had never run into any danger before, but I wanted to dress Marina in a more knightly

outfit. For my own self-satisfaction.

“So, can you choose an armour for Marina? One that’s cool and knightly.”

I could have asked the old man at the store, but I had professionals with me today—Rebecca-san and Hetty-san. I’m trusting you guys!

“Aren’t you going to buy any for Diana-sama?”

Hetty-san suddenly interjected. Well, it was true that I was showing a little favouritism towards Marina in terms of gear. Marina already had the halberd and gauntlet too. I bought Diana a plain robe so that she wouldn’t attract attention, but I hadn’t bought a weapon for her yet...

“I’ve prepared something separately for Diana, so please focus on Marina for today.”

I had already ordered something on the net, actually.

“Is that so. I apologise for my hasty assumption.”

“Oh, no no. I understand Hetty-san’s concern. It’s true that I don’t have weapons or armour for Diana.”

“Right. But wasn’t it fine that way? You’re doing business in the town, so you don’t need weapons.”

The reason why I always walked around with a sword and Marina always carried her halberd was for protection inside and outside the town.
...But that was just an excuse.

The real reason was because swords were cool! Though it was a rather chuunibyou desire of mine... But like, weren’t swords just so cool? You can’t help but admire them!

Of course, they could win against any demon beast attacks too! Or so I thought, but to put it frankly, it’s way too peaceful here.
Even if any monsters spawned, Shello-san would just one-shot them anyway.
The town was swarming with sca~ry military officers, so the public security was good and there were very few criminals.
I was a little nervous about running into the bandits typical of a fantasy-world outside the town, but I hadn’t even seen a glimpse of such a thing.

However, even the partially developed roads were dangerous once you travelled to other cities, so many merchants would use slaves for protection. Chubby's slaves seemed more like a troop too. So it was completely normal for a merchant's slaves to be armed. I just didn't have a need for that yet.

"I tend to get careless and wind up in trouble quite often. It'd be too late if something actually happened, so I thought I'd have her protect me."

"So that's why you bought her..."

"W-Well, yeah, basically. Exactly that."

I couldn't care less about protection, I bought her because she was a dark elf. I didn't regret a thing. ...But it was too late to admit that now. Although Rebecca-san might have noticed my less than pure motives.

"Marina will protect my liege with her life!"

Marina replied enthusiastically.

Where did she get all that energy from? I wouldn't mind if she was a little more laid-back. While I certainly appreciated it, I also felt some guilt so I had mixed feelings about it.

In Diana's case, it didn't bother me as much as she wasn't really a slave. Though she would sometimes create her own distance. If I had to make a comparison, Diana was a free-spirited cat while Marina was a loyal dog who charged into things head-first.

Then, one and half hours later, after combining the opinions of Rebecca-san and Hetty-san with my own personal tastes, a hybrid item of practicality and KAWAII was completed.

"Hehe, this is kind of embarrassing."

Marina came out of the fitting room fidgeting restlessly. There was no need for her to try the armour on in the fitting room, but I wanted to see the finished form so I had her put everything on. Revealing the finished product after a remodel was important, after all.

"..."

"H... How is it? Is it weird for a Turk tribe like Marina to wear something like this...?"

Marina said while looking up worriedly.

The cape at her waist flowed elegantly.

...Are you seeing this, Japan?

A dark elf knight actually existed...

In the most perfect way...

Hehe, I can't believe I'm actually being moved by this!

The equipment cost neared 10,000 el, making me doubt myself for a moment, but I no longer care!

Money is meant to be used for things like this!

Mythril half-armour and thick clothing that went underneath (apparently called a gambeson, which was partially quilted and looked comfortable to wear).

Apart from the half-armour, full-plate armour that covered the whole body was also for sale, but that was rejected for not being cute enough. Half armour was lightweight armour that balanced defence and mobility, protecting the shoulder, torso, and waist.

For the gloves, I had her continue to equip the mythril gauntlet purchased before. It was secondhand, but it was pretty enough and not a problem at all.

I also splurged a little and bought mythril leg guards. Truth be told, I hesitated a little because mythril products were expensive (perhaps these greaves were difficult to make, as they were especially so), but the other options were iron (heavy), wood (lame) or leather (brown), so I decided on mythril.

But the biggest decision of all was the helmet.

All cuteness could be lost with the wrong helmet, but protecting the head was most important.

I had considered using a bike helmet for its protection and light weight, but that was rejected for having absolutely no aesthetic sense.

In the end, I settled on a mythril circlet. To prioritise cuteness. Well, I doubt wearing something like this would make much of a difference.

Maybe I should prepare a full-face helmet and set it aside for real battles...

And finally, the waist cape. It was a wonderful item that looked like a skirt at first glance, having both femininity and practicality.

With this, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that Marina's equipment was 90% complete.

"It suits you, Marina. Like a knight I'd be proud to show off to anyone."

"Awawawa, y-you really think so? M-Marina looks like a knight?"

Marina blushed, her eyes sparkling brightly. Her ears were twitching too. For Marina, who had been a self-proclaimed knight until now, wearing this outfit with a horse and halberd would make her feel like a real knight.

"Yeah, you look like a real knight to me. My own kni... my own dedicated knight. You're really cute, Marina..."

Crap, my loose tongue got ahead of me again. But it couldn't be avoided in this case. I was already holding my words back as much as I could. Because she really was cute.

I expected Marina to get in a fluster and tell me to stop teasing her again, but instead, she placed a hand on her chest and braced herself with a deep breath before speaking.

"—There is something I would like to say to my liege."

She turned to directly face me from the front. Her red face and misty eyes clearly conveyed her nervousness. Even my palms started sweating!

The two of us stared at each other. Everyone else was silently looking on. It was embarrassing.

What was going on...?

Then, Marina raised her head as if she had made up her mind and declared:

"I-I, Marina, pledge to you the oath of a knight, to never betray or deceive, to be kind and brave, to be your spear at times, and... to always be your shield and protect you."

Eeeeeh?! What was this girl suddenly saying?

How was I supposed to react to that?! Was this the oath of a knight? Was that

something common in this world?

“Oh... right.”

What ‘right’. Couldn’t I have given a better response than that?

Even Rebecca-san and Hetty-san were whispering to each other.

“Was that the oath of a knight, perhaps?”

“Jirou-sama really has a firm grasp on his slave’s heart.”

“Isn’t the oath of a knight meant to be presented by the master normally?”

“Who cares, this has its own charm—wait. Are you jealous, Becky?”

“That’s not it... I just had a phase where I admired the oath of a knight too.”

“Why don’t you seize this opportunity then?”

“Stop that, I’m too old for that now.”

“Why don’t you de-age yourself then? Shall I lend you some stones?”

“That isn’t the issue!”

They seemed to be arguing over something.

The oath of a knight, huh. It was a little burdensome to hear “I will always be your shield”, but I was happy she was willing to swear her loyalty to me to that extent... I think.

“T-Then...”

Marina’s face flushed an even deeper red as she took a step forward. Rather than red, it mixed with the original colour of her dark skin to make a colour closer to maroon.

Are you alright, Marina? Wasn’t your oath over already?

“Then... a-as a sign of our new bond as a knight and master, a-a-a kiss of oath.”

Then, Marina squeezed her eyes tightly shut and raised her face for easier access to her lips.

E-Eeh? Seriously?! That was a thing?!

I didn’t mind the kiss itself, but in the corner of an armoury like this? Wasn’t there a more tasteful setting than this?!

Marina clenched her hands together in front of her chest as she waited for

the kiss.

Diana, Rebecca-san, Hetty-san, and the armoury owner looked on with inscrutable expressions.

Perhaps because I had hesitated at Marina's sincerity, but my arm was...not going to be twisted into shutting down the situation this time, it seemed.

Well, it wasn't like I intended on humiliating any girls here.

"Just one thing, Marina. If you are to be my knight, you must always hold your chest high proudly. No matter what anyone else says to you, I will always be on your side. You don't have to be so deferential anymore. It might be difficult... and I can't say it well, but. Let's all be happy together."

Then, I placed a light kiss on her forehead.

I couldn't say I wanted to live her life proudly... as they weren't the kind of words you could say to a slave freely, but I couldn't come up with anything else, so forgive me.

Also, forgive me for getting weak-willed under everyone's piercing gazes and avoiding the kiss. You shouldn't ask for too much from a virgin. I was at my limit, you know!

I had considered if that was a glimpse of Marina's 'other guidance', but that didn't seem to be the case. Although I wondered if 'making the oath of a knight' was a common occurrence.

As we were leaving the armoury, I was stopped by Diana.

"Goshujinsama. There's something I'd like to speak to you about tonight. I... cannot afford to lose to Marina."

Chapter 56 – The smell of reunion at the other world's guild

I promised Diana I'd talk to her at night, then headed for the blacksmith.

I had wanted to get Marina's halberd cleaned and sharpened for a while now, but kept dragging my feet on it until now.

The expenses at the armoury totalled to six gold coins so I was a little tight on cash, but I figured I could at least afford a sharpening fee.

However, I wasn't expecting Marina's equipment to cost the exact price of the velvet I sold (though I did receive a knife sheath and sword belt as a bonus). It was quite the coincidence, in a way...

Maybe it would have been better if I bought some armour for myself, too. I decided to come back once I've saved up some more. Secondhand armour was good enough for me, so it shouldn't cost as much.

Marina's 'Ruined Purple Halberd' took a little under one hour to sharpen. The old man at the blacksmith was bewildered at the purple colour and said, "What is this? This isn't rust, it's the original colour." But the sharpening itself proceeded without issue.

The sharpening cost was 30 el.

I also brought the 'Rusted Sword -2' that I purchased before with the intention of getting it sharpened, but was rejected with a "What the hell! There's nothing to sharpen if it's this rusted!"

Was it because of the 'minus two' appraised by the Mirror of Truth? I still believed it just needed a little treatment to get back to a useable state, though. I didn't really understand mechanics like this. Did that mean that the blacksmith could only deal with rust up to a 'minus one' level...?

Well, it wasn't as if panicking over it would fix the problem, so I quietly took it back this time.

"I'll get my knife sharpened too," Rebecca-san said. She stayed back at the

blacksmith with Hetty-san while I waited outside.

The cream-coloured stone paving weakly reflected the sunlight. Stone houses with ivory-painted walls. Roadside trees resembling olive trees swayed in the wind. Against that scenery, Marina was like a painting, gazing raptly at the shining purple halberd, clad in her own shining mythril blue armour. I quickly took out my camera and clicked the shutter many times. Marina noticed the camera and smiled shyly.

I should enlarge this and print it out as a wall decoration...

Rebecca-san and Hetty-san came out of the blacksmith, so we discussed where to go next.

Personally, I wanted to visit a few more item shops, but my funds were getting a little low for shopping. Then Rebecca-san suggested, “How about we go get you a disciple at the guild agency then?”

Hetty-san also jumped on board, saying, “Your sales are doing well now, it sounds like a good idea.”

Hmm... While I still thought it was a little early for me to get a disciple, it seemed like in this world, it was normal for merchants to have disciples. But was it really okay for an old stall owner like me to have a disciple? Wouldn't the parents be disappointed?

“Jirou’s still young and the store will get bigger in the future, so it’s okay. Contrary to what you think, more kids want to become disciples of the ‘upcoming’ businesses rather than the established businesses.”

“So they’re betting on the future prospects?”

“If they help you expand the store together, they gain lots of experience that way. With large organisations, you can gain the know-how but you won’t have any experience.”

Is that so?

Even without being a large business, the armoury had two young men and the blacksmith had six disciples, I guess. Rather than worrying about disciple hierarchies, they preferred to work somewhere small and relaxed... is that how

it went? Or was that kind of thinking limited to the NEETs of Japan?

But it was true that having an employee-like disciple around would help.
When in Rome, do as the Romans do!



When I entered the guild, I saw a familiar face.

A well-dressed young man with silver hair. He was alone like usual, and was arguing with a worker about something. I wondered what to do for a moment, but then decided that it would be weird to ignore him in the end.

“If it isn’t Jephthah-san! Long time no see. Hetty-san has been so much help, thank you for sending us such a good person. Diana and I are very grateful.”

“Ah, Jirou-san! Good timing, I was just about to send someone out to search around.”

Hmm? What’s he so flustered for? Did he mean search for me?

“And is that person named Hetty nearby?”

“Eh? Seriously what’s wrong with you. Hetty-san is right there.”

When I turned back, there was a blank-faced Marina, the usual Diana, and an extremely curious Rebecca-san. And Hetty-san, who looked as though she was trying to conceal a smirking grin on her face.

“H-Hetty-san... what’s wrong? What’s with that evil look on your face...”

“No, nothing. It’s just that, he has arrived earlier than I had expected.”

(...? What did she mean?)

Jephthah kept silent. However, he was looking at Hetty-san with a pale expression.

“Wait, what? What on earth is going on? Could you please explain it to me, Jephthah-san?”

At my question, Jephthah snapped out of his trance.

“W-Why are you in a place like this?! Henrietta-neesan!”

Henrietta-neesan?!

Hetty-san lightly waved her hand in acknowledgement.

“Oh, hello~ It’s been about 2 years, Taa-kun.”

“D-Don’t call me Taa-kun, please! Neesan, didn’t you get married to a wealthy merchant in the Country of Fire?!”

“That was just a lie by our shitty father. Though it’s true I was nearly married off.”

“And Mildas was supposed to come to Erishe... Were you also the one who had someone wrapped him up in a bamboo mat and locked him up in a storage warehouse?”

“That was me. But don’t worry, I haven’t used a single el from our family.”

“This isn’t about money... Why did you do this...”

“Hmm~? My reasons haven’t changed from 15 years ago, you know? I just want to interfere with that shitty father.”

...What exactly was this about?

Their conversation was so sudden, I couldn’t keep up at all...

Next to me, Rebecca-san was also speechless. “I didn’t know either...”

It’s true that the two of them both had silver hair and similar facial features, but to think they were siblings... Why was she dressed as a maid...

“Wait a second, Jephthah-san, Hetty-san! Can the two of you explain what’s going on here? First of all, are the two of you siblings?”

I interrupted their conversation, seeking an explanation.

It had apparently been two years since they last saw each other, so Jephthah looked strangely happy enough that he might keep talking forever.

“That’s right, Jirou-sama. Although, we’re actually half-siblings. Since this is a good opportunity, I’ll tell you—I came to Jirou-sama’s place because I found out about Diana-sama’s guidance, and wanted to interfere with it.”

“Eeeh?! Really?! You’ve always been so cooperative from the beginning, that’s hard to believe.”

“Do you remember the first time you met me?”

The first time I met Hetty-san...?

Ah... aaah. Was it the time when I ran off after Diana blurted out something about ‘everlasting love’? At that time, I thought she was some noble’s daughter, and started talking to her about the distance with slaves. Looking back on it now, my first impression that she was a noble’s daughter was basically right on the mark.

“Yes, I remember. I asked you some quite embarrassing questions at that time.”

“Fufu, that left quite a good impression on me. After that—I can’t go into detail, but some things happened.”

Some things happened, huh. After that was... it was already around 1am at that time...

“Aah... so that’s why you said ‘I was going to get in your way, but I’ve changed my mind’ at that time?”

Diana, who had been listening to us in silence all this time, suddenly jumped into the conversation. At that time? When was that?

“Diana-sama... is it okay?”

“It’s fine. *Goshujinsama* is an oaf.”

“Why am I suddenly being dissed?!”

“...After what happened, I was secretly watching *goshujinsama* and Hetty talk. Then I asked Hetty what she had been talking to you about.”

Diana was saying some scary things without hesitation. The fact that Hetty-san had asked if it was okay meant she had been forbidden to speak about it before.

“So something like that happened... Then that was when the two of you met for the first time?”

“That’s right. I talked to Diana for a while—and had a change of heart.”

Hetty-san bowed her head. However, I still didn’t really get it.

“You wanted to interfere, erm... you wanted to interfere with Diana’s guidance, correct? Does that mean Hetty-san knows what Diana’s guidance is? Huh? Wait, am I the only one who’s clueless about it?”

The ones who had told me that the contents of guidance should be kept secret were only Jephthah and Diana, after all. There was a possibility that this information was actually not really a secret.

“I know it. But only after I’ve met Diana and spoken to her.”

“Eh?! T-That can’t be right. Guidance are absolute secrets, I haven’t told Hetty or anyone else!”

Diana became agitated at this revelation. From the state of her panic, it seemed that it really was a secret. I wonder what critical information she had let slipped, for it to be seen through so easily.

More like, if Hetty-san knew what it was, I wished she would let me in on it as well, secretly.

“It... might be an exaggeration to say that I knew it. It’s more like, I ‘have an idea’ of what it could be, to be precise... Though my intuition about things like this has never been wrong before.”

Hetty-san said it, nonchalantly.

Diana kept denying it for a while, but backed down after Hetty-san said, “Well, it’s just my own speculation.”

“So, at first, you didn’t know the details about her guidance, but came to Erishe to interfere with it anyway, then after you’ve found out what the guidance is about, you reconsidered and decided to cooperate with us... Is that how it is?”

When I summarised everything, Hetty-san affirmed that the general idea was correct. Which means that, in the end, it was all because of Diana.

“Though, thinking of the possibility that Hetty-san could have become our enemy sure gives me the chills.”

“It might have been pushing it to say that I would have become your enemy. I was only thinking of eliminating every possible factor that could have contributed to the success of Diana’s guidance.”

Scary... Hetty-san is scary...I must have been really close to being eliminated. Well, even I had considered the failure from that night awful beyond belief, so that result was probably for the best. All’s well that ends well.

“But the fact you changed your mind makes me even more curious about Diana’s guidance. Well, since Diana seems to want to keep it a secret, you don’t have to say anything.”

“That’s true. I didn’t know Hetty was a daughter of the Solo family, but I’ve heard so much about how she hated her father. Something really must have touched a nerve in Hetty, I guess? For a girl who hated her father enough to create a mercenary group to have a change of heart.”

It seemed like Rebecca-san was curious about that part too.

So that was the reason why Hetty-san created the mercenary group... What a woman of action...

“It wasn’t that I had a change of heart, Becky. It’s just that I decided to cooperate with Diana-sama and Jirou-sama. ...Because the two of them were just so cute.”

Cu...te... you say... Was that because I was a virgin...?

Come to think of it, I was teased when we first at the guild too.

After saying that, Hetty-san turned back to Jephthah and made a declaration.

“—So, that Mildas guy, was it? There’s no need to bring that macho guy here anymore. I’ll support these two myself.”

Ooh, how dependable. So a macho guy was meant to come, huh. That was also a relief, in a way. If a bulky, macho man were the one to have appeared before me, I wouldn’t have been able to speak out as much, and it might be possible that I wouldn’t have been able to get the mansion renovated yet till now.

Upon hearing Hetty-san’s declaration, Jephthah held his head in his hands and

sighed, before responding in an exasperated manner.

“But Neesan. You said you didn’t use the family’s money, so how did you make it until now? I believe Jirou-san’s mansion required repairs.”

“I could pay for that much with what I had on hand. Don’t look down on me.”

“You couldn’t have had more than 10 or 20 thousand on hand though... What are you doing, Neesan...”

“It’s fine. I’m doing it because I want to. I’m awful at managing my money anyway.”

“I’m more than familiar with Neesan’s sloppy budget management. ...Well, that’s fine then, I’ll just repay you for all you’ve spent until now.”

“I don’t need you to.”

I was shocked by the conversation before me.

Even though I was being so selfish with my demands, she was paying them out of her own pocket...

“U-Umm... Hetty-san. I was very selfish in my requests, and had you buy three horses for me, on top of all the mansion repairs... umm...”

“Jirou-sama, you don’t have to feel sorry about it. This was something I wanted to do. You could call it a hobby, in a way.”

“Hobby...”

“That’s right. The hobby of a rich daughter. Besides, in the end, there’s no difference to it since those are still money from the Solo family.”

I felt like she was twisting her words to make me believe her, but was it really alright? If the person herself says it’s okay, then is it fine?

The president of my old black company had once said that those below should gracefully accept when those above offer to treat them to something. Well, I guess it was fine to pay her back slowly. If business continued to go well, it’d work out in the end. It also made me feel better to think of it as having a debt to Hetty-san herself, rather than the Solo family.

All’s well that ends well! ...I’ve been saying that a lot recently. Was I dancing

in the palm of Hetty-san's hand?

"Henrietta-neesan."

"What is it~? Taa-kun."

"Stop calling me Taa-kun... Neesan, you said you'd continue to support Diana-san's guidance from now on, but—the situation has changed."

"What's wrong?"

"Mildas was meant to be brought here as a support personnel, but things happened... and Uncle Dida is replacing him."

"Geh! Really? How did it end up like that? Does that mean that person will support the guidance? The commander-in-chief of the Balbacro Trading Company himself?"

"That is, he said to leave it to him and then forced his way... He should have arrived at Erishe before me, so we were meant to meet here today."

I had a bad feeling. Although... the world was narrow yet wide, so no matter what, it would be too much of a coincidence...

At that moment, the guild doors opened and a familiar man entered, followed by his numerous groupies.

"Ah, just on time. Wha-Neesan, where are you going?!"

"I'm running away! Jirou-sama, I'll take my leave for today. I will visit the mansion again."

As soon as she caught sight of the man, Hetty-san threw some parting words and escaped through the back door as if a switch was flipped.

"Hmm, I knew Henrietta-neesan hated father, but I guess she did say she was 'instinctively incompatible' with Uncle Dida in the past, too..."

Jephthah said while watching Hetty's retreating figure. Meanwhile, my attention was drawn by the chubby young merchant who was making his way towards us with a huge grin plastered on his face.

The strong musky smell. It was the third time I'd smelt it...

"Oh my, oh my, oh my, this is a surprise. If it isn't the cloth merchant with a

pencent for the Turk tribe. Does it mean, as I think it does, that you're together with that boy?"

"...Regretfully, yes."

The chubby man swayed on his feet as he spoke, the grin never faltering in the slightest. He may have used an expression of surprise verbally, but there was no way he was surprised. That smug face!

Things that happen twice can happen three times. That was what the encounters with Chubby were like.

Chapter 57 – The smell of the disciple is beastly

“Ehem, so what you’re saying is... That ‘Uncle Dida’ is Jephthah-san’s uncle, who—despite being a young weapon merchant heir and the president of a large trading company—set forth to support Diana’s guidance. A troublesome KY man who Jephthah-san can’t stop either, ehem.”

“Jirou-san, lower your voice a little. Uncle has really sharp ears. And what’s with that way of talking?”

“There’s no way his thoughts aren’t shady. It wouldn’t be odd if he was thinking something along the lines of ‘Normal elves are boring. I should go play with a High Elf’, don’t you think? You don’t often see people with such an evil look in their eyes and gait.”

“That’s a bit too much... Like I said before, if anything happened to a High Elf, it would turn into a problem between the entire race. If anything, I’m worried about Jirou-san.”

“How rude... We have a very sincere relationship, hmph.”

I ignored the grinning Chubby who reappeared and secretly consulted Jephthah.

Apparently, that Chubby was the real uncle of Jephthah (and Hetty-san) and the commander-in-chief of the ‘Balbacro Trading Company’, the largest weapons merchant in the empire. With his abundant fortune he used a ton of ‘de-aging’ spirit stones, when his real age was 54 (and apparently had 6 children)... quite the bourgeois.

“If you think about it normally, there’s no way the commander-in-chief of a huge trading company would come all this way to directly support someone without an ulterior motive. Is it really okay?”

“Actually... the Solo family support of Diana-san’s guidance started over two years ago. Apparently, my uncle heard that and stated ‘Leave it to me, I’ll wrap things up within a month’...”

Jephtha explained hesitatingly.

It seemed like Jephthah found his uncle rather overwhelming too, as his opinion leaned more towards mine. Well, he did call him a rich boy. But if he intended on wrapping things up in a month, did that mean he knew what Diana's guidance was too? Diana said it was a secret, but I guess it wasn't very well kept.

"So... I guess it has something to do with the reward the Solo family will get when Diana fulfills her guidance? Does that mean that person will benefit from the reward too...?"

He brushed off the question with a "That's probably true," but I was probably on the right track. Don't tell me it wasn't actually in order to obtain a high elf!

I believed the item the Solo family would have received for completing the guidance was said to be some secret treasure of the elves called The Alchemy... It was a secret that I knew this, so I couldn't tell Jephthah or Chubby.

After that we introduced ourselves to each other despite having met before, since we didn't know each other's names. I really didn't want to have Chubby support the guidance, but thankfully the mansion was complete and the shop had started, so I didn't have to rely on his support for my living at least. I could earn enough to keep Diana and Marina easily.

Chubby lightly said "Well, feel free to ask me anything," but I didn't like the way he looked at Diana so I wouldn't be getting close to him anytime soon. I would have liked to refuse his support outright, but because of her family's contract with the Solo family, even Diana couldn't refuse, so my own opinion was completely shut out. Well, I'd do my best to rely on him as little as possible, but... since I didn't know the details of Diana's guidance and Chubby did, he'd move to accomplish it and end up getting me involved anyway.

It was such a depressing thought... My only countermeasure was to not let him into the mansion.

Aah...

Just as I got the ball rolling on my business, it started to rain on my parade... As I was ruminating in my depression, Chubby said something I never expected.

"Oh, right. I know we just finished introducing ourselves, but I'm about to head to the famous scenic spot, Heripa Lake. If you need anything while I'm

away let the guild know and have them get it for you.”

He left behind those words as he departed jauntily with his slaves.

Eh...? Could it be that this person thought he would complete his support while sightseeing? There was no way that the sightseeing was his true motive, right... Come to think of it, a few days had passed since I first saw him, but he seemed to be sightseeing back then too. He also said the velvet was a souvenir for his wife...

Now I look like an idiot for worrying so much about him!



As Chubby had left, I returned to my original plan of having the guild introduce a disciple to me. I told this to the receptionist of the guild.

“Then please present your guild card.”

I’ve always thought this, but the guild card was really technologically advanced compared to everything else... The action of taking the card out of my wallet was exactly like presenting a membership card in a Japanese store. Well, it was a world where magic existed, after all. You could only write it off as part of the fantasy.

“Alright, Jirou Ayase-sama. You have requested the disciple introduction service. Right now we can introduce you to this person, this person... and this one.”

The receptionist said as they took out three sheets of parchment. It seemed like all the necessary information was written on that, and you could decide the kid you wanted based on them. You could even hold an interview.

“What do you think, Rebecca-san? I can’t read the writing, could you tell me what’s written on here?”

“Yeah, sure. Erm... first, this is a 12-year-old girl with the ‘merchant’ vocation. This one’s a 14-year-old boy with another ‘merchant’ vocation. And the last one’s a 13-year-old girl with—”

“Hmm? What’s wrong?”

“With... a ‘mathematician’ vocation. It’s my first time seeing one.”

Huh, what an intellectual vocation.

I was interested, but it would probably be safer to choose a child with a ‘merchant’ vocation. But a mathematician probably meant she was smart, and usually smart people could do whatever you asked of them. It was something to consider. Besides, I was probably the most qualified to develop the talent of a mathematician vocation. While I couldn’t teach anything as a high school graduate myself, I could at least buy books full of maths problems. I didn’t know how far the maths in this world had developed, but it shouldn’t be as advanced as Earth. If I was to take on a disciple, I had to raise them properly.

...Well, I had no idea if being a successful mathematician would even have any meaning in this fantasy world.

“The mathematician child, has she written anything else?”

“Eh? Did the mathematician child catch your interest? Hmm, this girl... you’ll have to meet them to be sure, but over a year has passed since they signed up, so they might not be too good, you know? And... Jirou probably doesn’t care, but this girl has written that she’s a ‘Canaan’. Ah, but her father is a military police.”

“Erm, what’s a Canaan?”

“Ah, Jirou doesn’t know. The Canaan tribe.”

Another new tribe! But I wondered if there was a problem. Were they another discriminated tribe like the Turks?

“Err, Canaan are relatively common around here, but many of the families are poor so there are lots of pickpockets, burglars and thieves. Since they tend to be nimble and clever... Of course, that’s only one part of the Canaan tribe, but because of that people usually avoid them. And they also look like cats.”

“Please give more details about that last part.”

“Eh? They’re werecats, so they have the appearance of cats. So it’s not like they’re discriminated against, it’s just that people try to avoid dealing with them.”

“Then I’ll go with that girl.”

“Eh? Eeeh?”

If she's already been waiting a year for a master then her parents wouldn't be too fussy over where she gets her apprenticeship, and I can pat her cat ears and tail all I want. Win-win. In the first place, I didn't really care too much about the details of the disciple as long as they could work decently.

“W-Wait Jirou, are you sure you want to decide so easily?”

“Well, there's no point in worrying, though it might be better to interview everyone. I just think it might be better to take one of the unwanted kids... Like I said before, I don't feel too confident about having a disciple anyway...”

“If Jirou says so then... But will you at least decide after an interview?”

And so, we decided to hold an interview just in case. But how were you supposed to call them out...? As I was wondering that, a young guild member was sent out. The guild sure worked fast.

After waiting impatiently for an hour, the guild member came back with the Canaan tribe disciple candidate. The guild member introduced her and she made her greetings.

“Nice to meet you. My name is Etowa Waz. I'm 13 years old. Are you the boss? Pardon me for saying this, but you seem quite young. As you can see, I am a Canaan tribe, are you fine with this? Are the people behind you my sister disciples? A Turk tribe and an Elf-sama? I'm not sure what kind of arrangement that must be, let me think about it for a moment. ...Ah, I got it! The Turk tribe is my sister disciple and the Elf-sama is a stranger passing by. That's the most logical answer!”

“Uh... yeah.”

The cat girl suddenly started talking a mile a minute. However, my mind was completely focused on her appearance and I didn't hear a word of what she said.

Let me interrupt for a moment to introduce the five levels of beast girls, known as the Beast Level! Let's look at cat girls as an example.

Level 1 is the ‘just cat ears and a tail, so close to human that the ears may

even be human ears, that everyone usually imagines. To put it bluntly, basically cosplay. Generally accepted amongst everyone, not just furries.

Level 2 has fur all over the body, with paws for hands and feet. At this stage the hair is still of human standards, and the face is still mostly human. Clothes are also worn properly!

At level 3, the Beast Level rises quite dramatically. They could be described as an animalistic state on two legs. They still wear clothes, but they're so furry that no one really cares if they're naked. Up to here, they can still be called partly human.

At level 4 they're mostly animal, and the only human-like characteristic is that they walk on two legs. Tom and Jerry would fit around here on the Beast Level.

Level 5 is a four-legged beast. The beasts that appear in animal manga are of course at this level and you could even be said to be the most popular, but in terms of fetish, it has to be level 5.

To simplify the categories, level 1 and 2 have human heads, level 3 and 4 have beast heads, and level 5 is a total beast—a good reference for categorising furries too. Sinful furries loved everything past level 3, including their body—etc.

As for the one standing front of me...

“No way, a level 3...?!”

I had underestimated this world. I thought they would only reach level 2 at best.

Rebecca-san had said “they also look like cats”, but Etowa was most definitely a cat. It was mystifying to see that cat mouth speak so fluently.

Though it may be strange to call her long-haired... her fur was thick with a blue-gray striped pattern, white on the inside. It was like the Northern European cats I saw at the pet shop a long time ago. Her face was, well, pretty much a cat (there were some human-like features to it) and while she didn't have anything resembling human hair, she had styled the fur on her head with oil to look human-like, which was unexpectedly cute. She wore clothes, but considering the state of her exposed arms and legs she had plentiful amounts of fur covering her whole body, making it seem a little hot to be wearing clothes.

Her hands and feet were a little more big-boned than human ones, making them seem robust.

I was worried that having the hands and feet of a cat would cause problems... but it seemed like that part of her was still human-like. They were hairy, though. It would be easy to just call her a werecat, but a talking cat on two legs that was around 140cm tall had a kind of 'hard-to-describe cuteness' to her, even if it did feel a little strange calling it that.

It was understandable how some people might feel hesitant about.

It didn't feel right to keep chatting while standing, so I pointed to a table for us to continue our simple interview. Etowa had already heard part of the story from the guild member and confirmed she wanted to be my disciple. A whole year had passed since she registered, so I guess she wasn't in a position to be picky with her choices.

"So uuh, Etowa's vocation is a 'mathematician', right? Are you good with numbers?"

"Yes. I can proudly say I have a better understanding than the average person. I can do mental arithmetic and definitely won't screw up any money calculations. I can promise to handle money and inventory perfectly, and I'm fine even if discounted items are mixed in. Even amongst the merchant vocations there are people who are bad at maths, so I can wholeheartedly recommend myself for the position! Also, since I am Canaan, my feet are fast and can do errands well. And lastly, err, long-haired Canaan are rare and my fur feels nice to pat!"

"Uh... yeah."

She really talked a lot. Even though she was a cat. She really talked a lot for a cat. She doesn't end her sentences with 'Nya~' either. She spoke so normally.

However, it was true that being able to do mental arithmetic without making mistakes was an advantage. Actually, it was a necessary skill, so if there were people who couldn't do it, then I'd have to hire from those who could instead. But I couldn't tell what the potential of a 'mathematician' vocation was from only the conversation just now, so I decided to hold a little test.

“Then... I’m going to give you a little quiz. Even if you don’t know the answer, it won’t decide whether or not I hire you, so take it easy, alright?”

“Okay! Please do!”

“Let’s do this then! Tarou-kun went shopping. He bought 2 Witchetty and 3 Liliaram, totalling to 220 el. The Witchetties sold for 4 times as much as the Liliaram. What is the price of each Witchetty and Liliaram?”

I read out loud a quiz I had noted down on my phone a while ago. It was quite a famous quiz, but not that difficult to answer. It was originally a quiz about chocolate and seaweed crackers, but I arranged it to suit this world. Etowa appeared to think for a moment, but answered with a confident expression.

“Each Witchetty is 80 el, and Liliaram is 20 el. That must be the answer.”

“Exacta! ⁽¹⁾ How did you solve it?”

“Because the total worth is 11 Liliaram. I just divided it from that.”

She was surprisingly clever. Even though she was a cat. I wanted to squish her cheeks.

“Then the next question. The next one’s a little difficult.”

“Okay.”

“There’s a bucket with 12 litz of water. There are another two empty buckets that can hold 7 litz and 9 litz. Using these, fill a bucket with 1 litz of water.”

For the record, one litz was roughly equal to 1 litre. This was basic.

“Erm, let’s see... first you move the 12 to the 9. Then you move the water from the 9 to the 7 and throw away the extra 2. Put the water from the 7 into the 9. Take the remaining 3 in the 12 and fill the 9 so that 1 litz is left in the 12. This has to be the fastest answer!”

An immediate reply. Even though she was a cat. She was definitely smarter than me.

“Correct. How did you solve it so quickly?”

I raised my white flag.

“The difference between 12 and 9 is 3, the difference between 9 and 7 is 2, if you can create the condition 3 minus 2 then you’re left with 1. If you decompose it into basic numbers it’s very simple.”

“R... Right. Of course.”

When I tried to solve this problem I never considered throwing away the water, and never ended up solving it... Kitty-chan’s head sure was nimble.

So in the end, I decided to take Etowa as my disciple.

Normally, it was custom to pay disciples a pittance, but with potential like hers I believed it would be better to pay through commission rather than a fixed pay rate, and decided to give dedicate 5% of the sales to her salary. The contract was formed by binding a proper spirit contract at Priestess-chan’s place. I was thinking of just making do with a non-spirit contract like the time with Aurica, but because the guild was acting as a middleman, I couldn’t take shortcuts like that.

Well, the contract details included prevention against thievery, at the very least. When I introduced Diana and Marina at the end, she was so shocked, her reaction surprised me. Apparently, the concept of elves as slaves was earth-shattering to her. “I... I do not understand...” she had mumbled, to which I could only tell her to get used to it.

But, well, at least I had my second worker after Aurica now.

I needed people whom I could leave my store to as well, and now the family was gradually expanding. Perhaps I could afford to go on expeditions a little more now. Like to the Heripa Lake that Chubby went to, or to Luklaela Mountain. I had a guidance to go to the lake and mountain anyway (that I had been ignoring until now).

Alright, once we made a little more money I’d leave the store to Etowa and go to Luklaela. I’d heard it was a lot closer than Heripa, and there were some good weapons and armour there too.

Just the fact it was a mining town was enough to make it somewhat exciting.

(1) ‘Exacta’ (Esakuta エサクタ in Japanese), is Spanish for “Exactly”. It’s a meme used by one of the Arrancar (Findor Carias) in the Bleach anime

Chapter 58 – The smell of the beauty under the moons

“The moons are beautiful, Master. Look, Lynclumir and the mountain bell constellation seem so close... Once ‘Hitotsuzuki’⁽¹⁾ ends it’ll be winter.”

“It’s a beautiful night sky, for sure. You can’t see this very often in Japan... since you have two moons, it’s a lot brighter and you can see much more. ...Is Lynclumir the name of a moon?”

“That’s right, Master. Lynclumir and Mythmikandal. The most famous, most loved, and... most hated couple in this world.”

The night after I signed the contract with Etowa, I met Diana in the garden of the mansion as promised. After returning to the mansion, everyone ate the dinner that Aurica made together, then I looked over Aurica’s Japanese studies, had a bath, and waited until 10pm when Marina and Aurica both went to sleep (10pm is considered late night in this world).

Diana and I were in the garden of the mansion, illuminated by the moonlight.

I was in a jersey top and bottom, comfortable enough to be called pyjamas. In contrast, Diana had just gotten out of the bath and had her hair down, wearing the same dress as the first time we met. Instead of her pyjamas she was wearing comfortable Uniq*o sweatshirt, which looked a little odd. Illuminated by the moonlight, the platinum blonde looked as though it was glowing with eye-opening beauty.

“A moon couple, huh. I didn’t know they had names. I wonder which is male and which is female... I guess the bigger one is the male moon?”

There was a large red moon and slightly smaller bright moon in the night sky, separated from each other.

“No, the bigger red moon is the female, Lynclumir. The bright one is the male moon, Mythmikandal. When Lynclumir and Mythmikandal completely overlap, ‘Hitotsuzuki’ happens. Looking at the alignment of the stars, the next

Hitotsuzuki will be Fall Pendulum. Strong monsters will spawn during that time, so it may be better for Master to shut himself in the mansion for the duration."

Diana said while looking up at the moons. Apparently, the monsters that spawned during Hitotsuzuki were said to be the children of Lynclumir and Mythmikandal. That was why they were the most hated couple... it made sense.

"What's the Fall Pendulum?"

"Hitotsuzuki happens two to four times a year, but the strength of the monsters will vary each time. There are different types of Hitotsuzuki based on the movement of the moons and the position of the stars, each having their own names."

"Huh. So Fall Pendulum is the most dangerous one of them?"

"Generally, yes. The monsters born during the Channelmarks Hitotsuzuki are the weakest, followed by Dusk in Twilight. Meanwhile, the monsters born during Fall Pendulum are at their strongest. In terms of frequency, Channelmarks and Eight Brave happen roughly the same amount of times. Dusk in Twilight and Fall Pendulum only happen once a year. There are some exceptions that happen very rarely, every few decades or so."

That made sense. In any case, that means the upcoming Hitotsuzuki will be dangerous. But if a moon is covering another moon, did that make it a lunar eclipse caused by a moon? Or something like that? It might be quite a spectacle. I'd want to take pictures.

Come to think of it, didn't Rebecca-san mention something about joint moons too?

"Joint moons, otherwise known as Awasetuki, happens when the two moons overlap partially. If the overlap is covers less than half it's called 'Acquaintance Awasetuki', and if it covers over half it's called 'Boy and Girl Awasetuki'. While it doesn't spawn strong monsters like the Hitotsuzuki, it increases the spawn rate of regular monsters, so you still need to be careful."

"Every little detail has a different name, huh. Diana sure is knowledgeable."

Something else had captured my interest. I wondered if looking up at the stars was a universal constant. Constellations and astrology existed in this world

too, and the stars probably had stories behind them as well. Lynclumir and Mythmikandal were similar to Orihime and Hikoboshi in a way, too.

...The part where they become Hitotsuzuki—One Moon—and have a ton of kids is a little direct, though.

“...It’s because of the picture book I often read when I was a child. A story called The Great Magician of Dreams.”

I had heard of the Great Magician of Dreams from somewhere before.

When I received my blessing in the temple, Priestess-chan had obnoxiously explained that it was someone who was once famous in Erishe.

“What was it about?”

“To put it broadly... once upon a time, there was a Hitotsuzuki named ‘Globetrotter’ that spawned monsters even stronger than Fall Pendulum, and the Great Magician of Dreams was the one who stood against those monsters. It was full of pretty pictures of the Hitotsuzuki, so it was my treasure.”

Globetrotter, huh. It all seemed so fantasy-like that I couldn’t differentiate between what were made-up fairy tales and what actually happened. The only thing I knew for sure was that the Great Magician of Dreams was a real cheater of a character. I guess people in this world also liked the whole ‘I’m the strongest’ concept. Come to think of it, didn’t Priestess-chan mention something? About the legend of how the Great Magician of Dreams had a unique skill that allowed him to stop an army of a thousand all by himself...

“I see. I’m a little surprised that Diana likes those kinds of heroic tales.”

“Eh? Ah, yes. That might be true... To be precise, it’s not that I like heroic tales... but more that I like stories targeted towards girls.”

Aah, so the book was about the love story between Lynclumir and Mythmikandal, meeting under the stars during Hitotsuzuki, romantic things like that.

“...In reality, Hitotsuzuki is undeniably a disaster to humans. But the elf village is a place full of spiritual power, so... Monster spots don’t exist nearby... That’s why to me, Hitotsuzuki was... Thinking back on it now, I can see how naive I

was..."

Looking up at Lynclumir shining beautifully in the clear night sky, Diana confessed her regrets.

According to Jephthah, two years had passed since Diana's 'special guidance' was issued, and something could have happened in that time. While I hadn't experienced Hitotsuzuki myself, I had heard from Rebecca-san that around here these terrible monsters called 'Armour of the Knight Guard' spawned and caused 16 deaths, and unpreventable tornadoes appeared all over the world simultaneously... or something? Which meant that I shouldn't be sitting here relaxedly commenting on how beautiful the moons were.

"Well, it couldn't be helped, right? Since the monsters themselves didn't spawn in Diana's hometown."

"But... I knew a lot about Hitotsuzuki. Yet I still... felt admiration for Hitotsuzuki..."

"Why was that?"

I wondered if it was similar to how people would say Tanabata⁽²⁾ is romantic and longed for it.

Diana seemed to hesitate between answering or not, opening her mouth and closing it repeatedly, before closing her eyes and taking a deep breath. Then she turned this way, as if she had made her decision.

"That's because... err, umm..."

Diana's face flushed red as she stuttered falteringly. She hadn't decided at all!

"Is it that embarrassing? Hitotsuzuki is a love story between Lynclumir and Mythmikandal, one which you admired because you found it romantic, right? Is that perceived as something embarrassing here?"

It was the norm for girls on earth to admire things like that. Ah, or was it embarrassing to still be dreaming about a 'Prince Charming' past a certain age?

Diana seemed reluctant to speak up, so I decided to change the topic.

"By the way, Diana, how's your guidance going? It doesn't seem like there's been any action, have there been any developments?"

“Eh? Yes... I’ve been making some progress... or so I hope...”

“Is it something that vague? This ‘special guidance’ must be troublesome.”

“No, it’s no trouble at all, Master. This is something like my own selfishness...”

Selfishness, huh. Well, she was using a huge amount of the Solo family’s money, after all.

“...Since this is a good chance, I’d like to ask something. That is... even though it was your guidance... weren’t you scared, becoming the slave of a stranger?”

There was no need to emphasise how absolute ‘guidances’ were in this world at this point, but even so, ‘become a slave’ was a little... To put it bluntly, it was abnormal.

“That’s true... While it’s a secret whether ‘becoming a slave’ was my guidance or not, it’d be a lie if I said I wasn’t scared at all... perhaps.”

“Really? You seemed pretty indifferent at the beginning though. Well, I guess there was no helping it if it was for your guidance. Hey, you had to get support from the Solo family to become a slave at your own request for your guidance, right? Doesn’t that mean becoming a slave was definitely part of your guidance...? But I guess you don’t have to say anything if it’s a secret.”

“...It’s a secret.”

I see, there was no helping it if it was a secret. Details like that weren’t important anymore anyway... At any rate, Diana’s ‘special guidance’ will end soon... it would be over soon.

“Besides... we didn’t meet for the first time at that trading company. I was secretly watching Master make that deal with Jephthah at the town square. ...I thought we made eye contact then, but apparently Master didn’t realise.”

That time I messed up and pretended to be a surprise present for the mayor, huh.

“Hmm? No, I didn’t notice. There was a big crowd and I was in a desperate situation myself...”

On top of that, I was a little drunk—but there’s no need to mention that.

“That’s right. Fufu, it’s true your face was red and you were panting in a panic... Just watching on made me anxious.”

“Really? How mean.”

I personally thought I handled the situation very well. I guess there was no way a long-time NEET could have handled something like that... But the red face was because I was drunk. Though I wouldn’t mention that.

“...But at the end, the mayor and his wife hugged, and I saw Master look on with a kind smile. It made me think that this person would be good. ...If it was this person, they could be my ■■■■...”

Diana said, looking at me directly.

Hmm? Did she say something good about me...?

I couldn’t hear the last word. No, to be precise, it ‘wasn’t translated’.

“Sorry, I couldn’t hear your last word there.”

“Master is always joking like that... You’re always so mean to me. I said that with all my courage too... I said! Master! Is my! ■■■■! Aah, geez!”

Embarrassed, Diana covered her face with both her hands and twisted her body. Meanwhile, I was uncomprehending. What was I to do in this situation?

Uhh... I wondered. From the direction of the conversation... maybe it was ‘Master’? How masochistic... Well, no matter what it was, she put her all into saying it, so I had to return her feelings properly...

“I-I see. I’m happy, Diana. Though you’re a little strange for thinking of me that way after seeing me in the town square.”

“That’s not right, Master. You were very... very wonderful.”

Cupping her cheeks with her hands, Diana looked up and smiled. She didn’t act this cute normally, so I had my guard down... Misunderstandings might happen on a night with beautiful moons like this! They say men are like wolves, after all!

“It’s unfair for me to be the only one. Master... how about you? ...Don’t you... think a spiritually cursed girl like me... is disgusting? You don’t have any

regrets?"

...Yet another difficult-to-answer question was thrown my way.

To be honest, I couldn't deny that my first thought at the trading company was "I want a more normal elf! A normal elf is better!"

But now her tattoos (which were apparently called spiritual curses) were an everyday sight to me, her platinum blonde hair was pretty, her voice was cute, and...

"I was a little bit wary at first... But the reason why I can run my business is basically thanks to Diana, and the reason why I met so many people in this world is all because I met Diana. It might be weird to say I'm grateful, but... I really am glad I met you. If it weren't for you, I'd have dropped out of this world ages ago."

"E-Ehehe. That's thanks to the guidance of Lu Balka."

Guidance... huh.

"But... the thing I care more about is that... Diana had to become my slave due to the guidance... how do I put it... I just can't put it behind me..."

I didn't mean to say it, but it just came out of my mouth. How emotional of me.

"Hmm? What do you mean?"

"Well... being elvish royalty means Diana is like a princess, right? ...Although you're here right now because of your guidance, once you complete your guidance or receive the next one, you'll have to stop being a slave, right? So... it's kind of like you're a temporary slave..."

Unable to form my words well, I ended up saying it pretty bluntly. It was the same as if I had directly said 'It's because you'll leave one day'.

And I... I wanted Diana to reply 'I wouldn't do that', or 'I'll always be with you'.

Honestly... how emotional of me.

Achieving guidance (from the perspective of an outsider) was an abrupt event. On top of that, the details of Diana's 'special guidance' were a secret. No

one, other than herself knew what conditions needed to be fulfilled to achieve it and move onto the next step.

That's right.

There was a chance Diana could complete her 'special guidance' tomorrow and disappear.

"...Has Master... always thought that way...? Even though I heard from Jephthah that you liked all types of elves, was the reason why you always paid more attention to Marina.. because of this? Besides, I even said you're my
■■■■..."

"That might be... half the reason. I actually wasn't aware I was doing that. So how about it, Diana? ...Is your guidance almost done?"

Diana sighed deeply and said her next words solemnly.

"...Master. It seems like you're misunderstanding something... so I will make things clear. This was my fault for not saying it out loud."

What was it...?

She wasn't about to say that 'our relationship was only connected by the guidance, sorry!' or anything, right...

"I, Diana Luna'Arbella, will always stay by Master's side for eternity. Of course, this is only until Master chooses to dismiss me. But until then, forever."

Always by my side.

Diana said it clearly.

...What was I getting myself worked up for?

"Ha. Hahaha. You'll always be there, Diana?"

"We'll always be together. I am... Master's slave, after all."

"I see. I planned to go to the mining town some time, and the lakeside town after that. Let's take the chance to go to all kinds of places! Our gear is coming together, so I'd like to try adventuring a little!"

Because Diana was a high elf princess, I shouldn't take her very far away.

Because Diana was a high elf princess, I shouldn't get her into any danger.

Because Diana was a high elf princess, I shouldn't fall in love with her.

Diana smile widely as she replied, undoing the shackles I had unconsciously set up around my heart.

“Yes, please take me with you. To be able to travel the world with Master... it sounds like a dream. Even the lunar journey of legend sounds possible if it’s with Master.”

Then, she took both of my hands in hers.

“That’s true. A... A lunar journey truly sounds like a dream. But if we have to go, I’d prefer Lynclumir over Mythmikandal. Mythmikandal seems rather hot... don’t you agree?”

The distance between us closed as I was talking.

“What a coincidence, Master. I was.. just thinking the same thing... that I’d prefer to go to Lynclumir...”

I softly touched Diana’s ear.

Ticklish, Diana smiled fondly.

“Master...”

“Diana...”

Then, she stared into my eyes as she whispered.

“...Umm... would you... make an oath of ‘eternal love’ with me...?”

Those words held a strange magical power, making me reply “Yes, eter...”

Rattle! Crash!

“Uwawah, Marina, you pushed me!”

“It is most regretful. The operation is a complete failure.”

Marina and Aurica fell out of the shadows of a barrel.

It completely made me come back to my senses.

Diana also jumped away, fidgeting restlessly.

These two peeping toms... I was sure they were asleep, why did they have to come out now...

"Yes. Marina and Aurica. Come sit here. How long were you watching for?"

"Uhh... I'm sorry, sir. Marina-san enticed me...."

"Marina was just really curious. It was a feeling that's incomprehensible to me. Marina unconsciously pushed Aurica just now because of it."

The regretful Aurica and the not quite sorry Marina.

Ah, Diana was staring at Marina with a pretty serious face! It seemed like she was actually angry!

"By the way, we've been watching since the part, 'The moons are beautiful, Master'!"

That was the beginning!

After that, Marina and Aurica received a length lecture from Diana, and the night ended with no resolution.

(1) I have previously translated 'Hitotsuzuki' as 'Monster Wave' in the previous chapters as I wasn't sure if this is a term used only in this 'world', but we decided to let it remain as 'Hitotsuzuki' starting from this chapter. I'll be changing the ones in the previous chapters.

(2) Tanabata = also known as the Star Festival or Qixi Festival (Chinese), is a festival that celebrates the meeting of the two star-crossed lovers, Orihime and Hikoboshi (represented by the stars Vega and Altair respectively). You can read more about it [here](#).

Chapter 59 – The smell of a catgirl is a schoolgirl

“Good morning, Boss! Today I put in my all and got up at 5 in the morning to make lunch boxes. As your first disciple, I’ll do my best to make sure I don’t embarrass you! Also, Papa said he’d drop by to greet Boss when he has time!”

“Oh... okay.”

First thing in the morning and Etowa was very excited.

We had planned on meeting up outside the guild at 9am for the first day, but she had been waiting for an hour earlier. For someone who is good at numbers, she sure is wasteful.

Today Rebecca-san had things to do at home, so it was just me, Diana and Marina at the store. After what happened yesterday, things were a little awkward with Diana.

“By the way, Etowa, your clothes are really cute. Where did you buy them?”

Yesterday she wore a modest one piece dress with a leaf pattern, but today... to put it simply, she was wearing a ‘sailor uniform’. She wore a short-sleeved white sailor shirt with geometry embroidered on the collar and cuffs in a dark navy blue. The tie was sky blue. The skirt was a pleated miniskirt, also in dark navy blue. No matter how you look at it, it was a sailor uniform. While I hadn’t seen anyone wear something like this here before, maid uniforms existed, so I guess sailor uniforms were also possible... right...?

“Thank you very much. This is the ethnic clothing of the Canaan. Typically we would only wear it on special occasions, but Papa said to wear it because it’s my grand debut today.”

Ethnic clothing! Sailor uniforms! ...What’s with this other world? No, stop. Don’t think about it. A cat in a sailor uniform (school uniform) was like, you know, that. No matter how you looked at it, it was that.

“Etowa. Try saying ‘Don’t look down on me’.”

“Don’t look down on me?”

Hmm. The nuance was a little different. It had to be a more delinquent-like sailor uniform. First of all, the length of the skirt was different. She couldn't be a 'Na*neko' like this!

"Joking aside, it suits you. I'd love to have my girls wear the same."

However, since the design was nearly identical to a sailor uniform, I could mass produce these here and sell them in Japan to make a fair profit. I could make duplicates of the famous Japanese uniform to sell too... No, that is too risky. In many ways.

...At any rate, it seemed much cheaper making it here than in Japan, so it was a good idea to consider going in that direction. I had sold a few pieces of second-hand clothing through net auctions already, so it should be alright to create new clothes and put them up too.

The store was gradually gaining regular customers, and everything was going well in general.

I had been controlling my business so that I didn't make too much profit (mainly focusing on dealing in plain cotton and small trinkets), but now that Etowa was here I could start to move on the offensive. It was still a street stall for now, but I could rent a proper storefront and deal in high quality fabrics and wool items. I didn't have enough money for a storefront yet, though.

After putting Etowa to work, it was evident that she was quite handy as she quickly learned about the products and how to cut fabric. At this rate, I should be able to leave her to manage the store herself pretty soon. The only thing I was worried about is leaving a 13-year-old girl alone in a corner of this flea market... whether or not she is a wereperson.

The daily sales of this stall had reached roughly 1,500 el, after all. With one gold coin and five silver coins, converting it into Japanese yen amounted to around 220,000 yen. The products themselves were of quite value, and if something happened Etowa probably wouldn't be able to handle it herself. Hostage situations, kidnapping, abduction, torture... such risks should be taken into consideration... Since this place isn't Japan...

...That was what I initially thought, but in reality the safety in this town is rather good, so it was troubling. The furthest I had been abroad is Hong Kong

for a school trip, so while I didn't know how bad the safety was in other places, Erishe itself isn't much different from Japan.

For the record, I made sure to keep the profits in the bank. Rather than a bank, it was more of a service offered at the guild by using the guild card at the window. It had always bothered me how the guild card was more technologically advanced than everything else. This was totally like a cash card. Though there weren't any ATMs.

"Etowa, what's the public safety actually like around here? Erishe seems very safe from what I've heard, but I don't live in the middle of the town, so."

"Public safety? It's very good. My Papa is a member of the military police and he said that it's so much better compared to 20 years ago."

"So thieves, pickpockets, muggers and the like don't appear often?"

"They don't appear around here, at least. I don't know if that's the case once you leave the town and reach the more deserted areas, but at least here it's safe during the daytime."

It was one straight road from the market to the guild. There wasn't any deserted streets to pass through, and the stall closed before it got dark so there wouldn't be any walking involved at night.

Hmm... If that was the case, it might be okay to leave it to Etowa one day. Though that was my original intention.

In the afternoon, Etowa's father actually came to greet me.

Etowa introduced her father to me, who politely greeted me in a rougher voice than expected.

"My daughter may be a little rash at times, but please take care of her."

His appearance wasn't much different to Etowa, but he was apparently over 30 years old with a height of about 150cm and—more importantly—he was a cat. They say that cats don't age in appearance, but apparently that applied to Canaan too. It seemed like Canaans could tell each other's age by appearance, but it was impossible for humans. It might be inappropriate to say this, but they were just plain cute.

The sales on this day was 1,220 el. I was able to teach Etowa various things as we went, so it wasn't a bad number. I splurged quite a lot buying Marina's equipment the other day, so I had to save up little-by-little once more.



I used a horse to get from the town to the mansion.

I tried to practice horse-riding as much as possible after buying them at the horse market, but I was still the worst one out of all of us. Marina was already quite skilled, as expected of a knight vocation. She could gallop at a fairly fast speed and seemed to have fun with horse-riding, her enthusiasm showing in her practice. Diana was timid at first, but now that she was used to it she had no problems moving regularly and galloping lightly. As for me... mounting and clip-clopping along at a walk was all I could handle, the most galloping I could do was at a leisurely trot... It seemed like I didn't have much talent for it.

The horse itself was cute, though. Caring for the horses was mainly Aurica's job as a maid, but feeding and brushing was important to maintaining good communication between us and the horses, so we were the ones who did that, and subsequently got attached.

After finishing work in the town at 4pm, Diana, Marina and I said goodbye to Etowa and rode our horses out of the town. I had to deal with the auctions once I returned to the mansion. As long as I was the only one who could do the work in Japan, it was quite busy.

We went down the road leading to the mansion. The horses we were riding were three fine brothers that cost 20 gold coins in total. They had received training not to startle too easily. Even when there were other horses on the road, they wouldn't get excited and run away.

According to Hetty-san, they were horses of military quality that wouldn't freeze up even when surrounded by bandits, so whether it was running away or fighting on horseback, these horses could handle it... or something along that line. Hearing that, thoughts about how new mercenaries were rather disturbing and how just moving normally should be enough passed through my mind, but

Half of the road from Erishe to the mansion was a wide road with many people passing through. This road was properly maintained with a paved stone floor (though the spacing was rather haphazard). The other half was a beaten track that was only used by villagers, us, Shello-san and Rebecca-san. The distance from the town to the mansion was about one and a half hours on foot. Right now, using a horse took about 50 minutes. Once we learn to gallop on the horses properly, it should take about half that time.

It happened shortly after leaving the road and entering the beaten track. Three unfamiliar men were loitering a small distance away from the track. All three were armed with swords and equipped in crude leather armour. There were two people in their 20s, one in his 30s, and they all looked like the embodiment of vulgarity.

Memories of the time I was surrounded by delinquents instinctively came to mind. There wasn't much difference in the way they glared this way with no reservation, whether it was this world or that world. In my head, words such as 'rebels', 'bandits', 'thieves', 'muggers', and 'brigands' passed through.

In theory, the best course of action would be to run away at this point. However, in reality, it wasn't so easy to act cleverly like that. I was only a civilian while Marina was a slave who used to admire knights in her home village. Similarly, Diana was also a princess who knew nothing about how the world worked. If Rebecca-san or Hetty-san were here it might have been different, and perhaps that was what they were aiming for, as they weren't present today, unfortunately.

The men suddenly stood up, and the one in his 30s who seemed to be the leader spoke up.

"Hey bro, got a minute? We're a group of travellers and we're troubled coz we don't have transport. Could ya lend us those horses?"

The men grinned shamelessly as they blocked the path with their bodies.

I replied while mounted on my horse.

"No, we can't lend you our horses. If you walk just a bit further you'll reach the town of Erishe. It's only around one yulka away."

Since I wasn't sure if they were actual bandits yet, I tried giving them a chance. It wasn't good to judge by appearances. They might seriously think they could borrow a horse.

"I see... If ya can't lend us those horses, then we dun need them. So how 'bout this instead? Do ya feel like lending us now?"

After saying those words, the leader drew his sword and pointed the blade at the neck of my horse. So if we don't lend them our horses they'll kill them, huh?

As I thought... bandits.

A weak-looking boy was riding a nice-looking horse, so they thought they'd help themselves... that kind of fellow.

Of course, I couldn't afford to lose my horse.

"Ah, wait a second. I'll get down from my horse first..."

"Well, well. So ya can do as you're told after all. I dun mind guys like ya."

"Yes, since it'd be too difficult to fight on horseback. Ah, really, I'm so glad I practiced my sword fighting. It's just so peaceful around here, I thought my hard work would never be acknowledged."

"What are ya sayin'?"

"Alright, let's do this as planned. Pattern B this time. Marina, you understand, right?"

"Uhh... I still have my reservations about this."

"There's no other choice. Now go!"

On my signal, Marina nimbly evaded the men blocking the path and galloped off. She really was good on horseback.

"O-Oi! Where do ya think you're goin'!"

All that was left was to buy time.

Chapter 60 – The smell of the first battle is hoodlum extermination

At the very beginning, we considered the possibility of being attacked by bandits on the road to town. To put it simply, we were making a fair profit in the town, and we also had horses. So, the three of us decided on a strategy in case we were ever attacked.

Pattern A was if we ran into a group of thieves that use projectile weapons.

Pattern B was if we ran into a number of hooligans.

Pattern C was if we were attacked by demon beasts.

And so, this time we were going with pattern B.

Marina's role was to call for the military police if we were near the town, or Shello-san or Rebecca-san if we were near the mansion.

“Marina wants to fight too. Marina's job is to protect my liege,” Marina rejected the idea at first, but seeing as she was currently the best on horseback, no one else was suitable for this role other than Marina. Once Diana's horse riding improved, we could consider passing that role to her instead, but in Diana's case there was the possibility of Diana being the target of the thieves, so it was difficult. It was terrible to say this, but from that perspective it would be better to send the Turk tribe, Marina, instead.

Now... Until Shello-san and the others arrived, it was my role to buy time, or perhaps even defeat them myself...

I drew my sword and held it lightly in both hands. I had felt it before when training with Shello-san, but readying my sword really made me feel elated. It might be tending towards the dangerous side. Shello-san had said that many swordsmen vocations jump head-first into battle and ended up dead. When it came to battle—even if they were bandits—I wasn't ready to kill anyone. I just had to buy time until these guys either ran away, or Marina brought Shello-san here. If possible, I didn't want to experience battles yet.

“But you bandits sure are stupid. There's an elf on our side, you know? Did

you think it would work out somehow?"

I gave them one more chance.

In this world, elves were considered one of the strongest battle forces. In a world where magic wasn't very common, elves who could use spirit magic were a wonder to behold. In other words, mere human bandits should be terrified of elves, which should act as a deterrent from being attacked to a point... but.

Well, ours were a bit of an exception.

"Ahh, damn. And I thought it'd be an easy job. Enough. You guys, kill that one already. Don't hurt the elf."

However, the bandits took no notice of my words.

Hmm? That's strange...

Weren't they afraid of spirit magic...?

In fact, if they were saying not to hurt the elf, does that mean Diana was their aim? There was no way bandits like this should know that Diana couldn't use spirit magic... Oh, perhaps they didn't know elves were spirit magic handlers because they were stupid. That was also possible... right?

Well then, I guess all that was left was the actual battle.

According to our plan, the thieves would falter here, and we would buy time as planned, but things doesn't always go as planned.

Battle.

Three opponents.

I had gone through Shello-san's hellish training many times, to the point I had received Shello-san's own acknowledgement that 'you won't be defeated by your everyday bandit'. I had received it, but...

...No, now that it'd come to this, I had to do it.

I had a demon sword much lighter than training, and my teacher had been Shello-san, the famous deputy of the military police. There was no way I'd lose to a common hooligan.

I held my sword and looked at the opponent. On the order of the leader, the other two young bandits drew their swords at the same time. They were both

using ordinary broadswords. It was my first real battle. However, strangely enough, I didn't feel any fear.

The bandits completely underestimated me, as they moved to enclose me from both sides. While it was troublesome to take on two people at the same time, I was able to stay surprisingly calm. Possibly due to my opponents grinning so much, I couldn't feel any spirit in them. They were completely underestimating me, thinking that I was a defenceless merchant.

"Diana, everything up to now has been within our expectations. We're going to stop them as planned. Try not to use our secret weapon. But if an accident occurs, don't hesitate to use it."

"Leave it to me, Master. We'll make them see a fearsome sight."

Diana's eyes burned with a sparkling fire. It was a little scary.

From that point onwards, we didn't need any words. All that was left was to suppress them by force!



"O-Oi! We didn't hear 'bout this! Y-You, how can a simple merchant boy move like that? And what is that sword! What didya do to 'em?!"

"I have no obligation to respond to muggers. Diana, tighten the restraints on those guys."

"Certainly, ufufufu."

"T-The grass is...! Stop! Damn it! What's happening?!"

"Well, that was a good substitute for training. At least I know that I can easily win against three men with no battle-type vocations for now."

"Don't let your guard down, Master. We were just lucky our opponents were idiots this time."

"Well, that's true... They didn't have any projectile weapons or troops in ambush either."

Diana and I succeeded in suppressing the bandits without any injuries. It felt

like it went a little too smoothly for a first real battle, but demon swords and spirit magic were basically cheats, so that was probably to be expected.

As we planned for pattern B, Diana used her spirit magic to support me. Due to her ‘special guidance’, Diana was restricted in her use of spirit magic at the moment. However, this restriction was idiosyncratic, and to put in her own words, ‘it can be used by communicating with the spirits to have them co-operate a little’. And that ‘little co-operation’ was exceptionally strong.

Blowing gusts of wind, accelerating flames, digging pitfalls, wrapping grass around bodies, making trees walk to block paths, dancing clouds of dust... They may seem lame when put into words, but they were extremely effective irritations during battle. And unexpectedly, my beloved sword ‘Jet-Black Demon Sword, Heart of Blood’ was an overpowered weapon.

First, it was light. It had less than half the weight of a claymore. Furthermore, like the demon sword name suggested, it had amazing special effects. I didn’t have a chance to test the special effect until now, so it was my first time experiencing it—and it really was unfair. I felt nothing but gratitude at my good fortune obtaining such a sword for free.

The two young bandits came charging forward at the same time.

The man on the left (henceforth Bandit A) swung his sword down over the right of his head, and the man of the right (henceforth Bandit B) thrust his straight forward. They were somewhat in time with each other. Their movements were fatally slow compared to Shello-san, but it was otherwise a good attack. I dodged the thrust and stepped to my right. I then slashed at Bandit B’s feet lightly, like a soft caress. It was an attack merely meant to distract the enemy and put distance between me and the opponent.

...However.

Bandit B fell down with a crash, as though he fainted. Even I had no idea what had happened at first. The same probably applied to the bandit. It was as if the bandit had been injected with deadly poison. In reality, it was the special effect of the demon sword, ‘Absorption’, activating. Normally, the ‘jet-black coloured’ blade would be dyed red, and pulsate eerily. Then, I felt vitality similar to bioenergy flow into me. It might have been good when feeling down, but at full

health it honestly just felt sickening. Perhaps if I described it as the feeling of forcefully taking someone else's lukewarm blood into your own body, the image would be clearer? I guess it meant that the demon sword's name wasn't just for show. For a light scratch to absorb so much... the draining ability was way too strong.

Bandit A faltered. I was also surprised, but conveniently slashed sideways with the aim of inflicting further drain. However, Bandit A repelled my attack with his sword. Creating distance with a back step, he glanced at the leader in a plead for backup.

The leader was struggling, stitched to the ground by Diana's spirit magic. Every time Diana smiled and muttered something, the grass wrapped around the leader tightened its grip. The grass itself could easily be cut, but once his right arm was free his left leg would get caught, and when his left arm was free his right arm would be tangled again... to put it simply, it wasn't easy to get away. From a combat perspective, the leader was probably the strongest, so it was lucky we were able to overpower him so easily. Since three against one was dangerous, after all.

Bandit A seemed to gather his courage as he let out a manly roar and charged forward. It was a simple attack with no battle vocation behind it. Honestly nothing more than a charging attack. If it was one-on-one against him, I didn't feel like I could lose. It was a good chance (if not somewhat disrespectful) for me to use him as a practice opponent.

I dodged the opponent's attack, made an opening, repelled him, then pushed him back. He was sweating heavily, but I wasn't tired at all yet. My sword was light, and so were Bandit A's attacks. Since he was a bandit, I thought he'd at least have some strength to him, but he was pathetically weak. I figured that's just how it was for those who didn't have the right vocation... but still... Bandit A's had started to show in the dullness of his movements, and I lightly slashed at his arm. 'Absorption' activated, and Bandit A instantly collapsed.

Now only the leader remained, and he was already being restrained by Diana. Thus the fight was over.

Looking at the conclusion, it could probably be called an overwhelming

victory. We even managed to refrain from using any of our several types of secret weapons bought in Japan.

Several minutes later, Marina came back with Shello-san and Rebecca-san. They tied the bandits up with rope and contacted the military police. The bandits would probably be sentenced in the imperial capital later. For the record, bandits were normally beheaded, and even first-time offenders had their arms decapitated. Shello-san said it was okay to kill bandits, which was rather disturbing. It was impossible for me to kill them. Just absorbing their energy made me feel sick...

However... to think that bandits would really appear.

From now on, I had to practice my horse riding, swordplay, and formations even more. We were lucky this time, but there was still the possibility of a larger group of thieves attacking next time. If the enemies had battle-type vocations, we wouldn't get away so easily. Our equipment was still incomplete too. As far as work went, it should be alright to leave more and more to Etowa.

...But the story didn't end there, and after the bandits were handed over to the military police, Rebecca-san's lecture was waiting for us.

“So why did Jirou end up fighting?”

“Like I said, Marina moves the fastest and I can't make the horse gallop, so we had no other choice. In fact, you could say we couldn't run...”

“If that was the case, then why didn't you let Marina fight and wipe out the enemies instead? Fight together, at the very least.”

“No, fighting was the last resort and Diana's an elf so I thought that would provide enough of a deterrence. Although I didn't expect them to be idiots that challenged us anyway...”

“Hmm. Fine. You managed to pull through this time because the enemies were weak, but Jirou, make sure you use your slaves, since you're still weak yourself. I'll say it over and over again, but that's the reason your slaves are here. Okay? If you really want to fight yourself, come over to our place as much as possible and train!”

“Yes...”

I simply didn't want to use Marina like a sacrificial pawn, but I didn't say that out loud.

Perhaps I should get male slaves for battle purposes after all...

Chapter 61 – The smell of casual threads is lust

[Serious] The Mirror in My House is Connected to Another World #8 [Talk]

5: Anonymous Fairy

It always takes so long for 1 to upload his images ._.

6: Anonymous Fairy

He's making a CG of that level in a week y'know

If anything he's too fast

7: Anonymous Fairy

You still think it's CG?

A pro creator denied it in the last thread

8: Anonymous Fairy

Pro creator lol

9: Anonymous Fairy

I'm a pro creator too

That was definitely CG.

10: Anonymous Fairy

1 is waifu

CG debate forbidden

12: Anonymous Fairy

Ever since the web portal was made

The number of guests increased

13: Anonymous Fairy

Antis and trolls increased too

Prob better for 1 to wait till everything calms down

13: Anonymous Fairy

There's people stealing the content for their blogs too ._.

This always happens when something gets famous

14: Anonymous Fairy

Well 1 barely comes here to begin with
It'll calm down eventually

15: Fata Morgana

I came from the web portal

This is the main thread?

16: Anonymous Fairy

Speak of the devil and an annoying blockhead will appear

Please lurk for half a year

Stop with the nickname too

17: Anonymous Fairy

1 could die in that other world at any time

and never come back here again!

Mind your manners!

>>16

Could say the same to you for attacking them

18: Anonymous Fairy

>>17

So if 1 stops coming it would mean 1 is really dead...

19: Anonymous Fairy

I'd love to die buried deep in Elf-chan's chest

20: Anonymous Fairy

Elf slave: "And with this... I'm free...!"

21: Anonymous Fairy

But 1's face would be at peace...

Only the figure of a man who accomplished his greatest desire would remain...

22: Anonymous Fairy

I want to be killed by an elf's indigenous magic too.

23: Anonymous Fairy

Don't call it indigenous magic

24: Anonymous Fairy

You guys are still going with this shitty thread?

Delete

25: Fata Morgana

I'm very curious about how 1 made a High Elf his slave

What kind of circumstance would end in that lol

26: Anonymous Fairy

Didn't he buy her with the money he got from selling black pepper (trembles)

27: Anonymous Fairy

With shitty nicknamed users start rampaging about

This place is over

28: Anonymous Fairy

The only two options with an elf is bride or slave

Don't underestimate Japanese otaku

29: Anonymous Fairy

We're just living our lives with the internet as our only enjoyment

While 1 gets to flirt with Elf-chan and the others

He must be having fun in the other world...

30: Anonymous Fairy

Not only an elf!

A maid too! Horses as well!

The only thing us thread residents can do is curse him

31: Anonymous Fairy

>>29

Ah, I have other enjoyments too so

Could you refrain from grouping me with the likes of you?

32: Anonymous Fairy

>>31

Anime, manga, eroge and light novels, right?

33: Anonymous Fairy

Stop spouting bullshit

There's figurines too!

34: Anonymous Fairy

Make a model of the Black Elf-chan

35: Anonymous Fairy

I'd want to do it if 1 gives his permission!

But first we need a lot more material!

Details! If possible, materials for molds and casts!

36: Anonymous Fairy

You're smart.

37: Anonymous Fairy

Right. We need a lot more materials.

Only then can we make progress.

38: Anonymous Fairy

1: "Try being the one making the CG"

39: Anonymous Fairy

Then the materials for the unpopular White Elf-chan

Can be monopolised by me, right...

40: Anonymous Fairy

It can't be helped.

I can regretfully endure with just the Maid-chan...

41: Anonymous Fairy

The topic is going around in circles! Stop it already!

42: Anonymous Fairy

Elf-chan kawaii!!

There's a limit to keeping the conversation going in the thread with just that...

43: Anonymous Fairy

You don't have to force yourself to reply

44: 1 ♦ Xc544iUoWE

I'm not dead yet

I was almost killed, but I'm not dead yet

45: Anonymous Fairy

He's here

46: Anonymous Fairy

It's 1!! 1's appeared!

47: Anonymous Fairy

>>44

Deets

48: Anonymous Fairy

>>44

Shortage flag?

I lost my arm so this is the end of the images

Don't say anything like that

49: 1 ♦ Xc544iUoWE

I was attacked by bandits...

But I'm alright, I fought back

50: Anonymous Fairy

1-san who's SO strong against bandits

Nice one!

51: Anonymous Fairy

Explain what happened in more detail!

Did Elf-chan's magic explode?

52: Anonymous Fairy

Just thinking about it normally there's no way a commoner like 1 can fight

White Elf-chan's white magic and

Black Elf-chan's black magic probably rounded them up

53: Anonymous Fairy

But it seemed like he bought a sword

There's a minute possibility that 1 took the initiative to fight

54: Anonymous Fairy

1: "A man has to fight at times like this"

E: [Blushes]

Like this?! I don't know!

55: Anonymous Fairy

I support you.

56: Anonymous Fairy

More importantly, images!

Hurry with the pics!

57: Anonymous Fairy

It's one thing if there's story-like flavour to it

But if there's no images then even if you say you were attacked by bandits...

58: Anonymous Fairy

He might not have fought with a sword

Maybe he used tear gas or a fire extinguisher or a crossbow

There's lots of options

59: Anonymous Fairy

1-san who mercilessly shoots a crossbow into a human opponent

Nice one

60: Anonymous Fairy

First you get the pre-emptive strike with the tear gas

Then push them back with the fire extinguisher

Once they can't move you stab them with a sword

61: Anonymous Fairy

Isn't that murder? No thanks

62: Anonymous Fairy

I don't know how the law maintenance works in a fantasy world

But it's basically like there's no law

One person's life isn't even worth a piece of bread

63: Anonymous Fairy

There's no need to actually kill them!

1-san is terrible!

Arrest 1-san and protect Elf-chan!

64: 1 ♦ Xc544iUoWE

Even I couldn't kill anyone

We caught them with elf magic and handed them to the police
There was a little monetary reward

65: Anonymous Fairy

Police...

66: Anonymous Fairy

What's elf magic like?

The type where magic circles float in the air?

Please take a video!

67: Anonymous Fairy

Hurry and let us hear the voice of Elf-chan reciting chuuni spells!

68: 1 ♦ Xc544iUoWE

Unfortunately there was no magic circle

She was mumbling something

I think that was the spell

Also... I got another servant!

The long-awaited wereperson

I was a little shocked at first, seeing the real thing

But once I got used to it she was super cute

<Image address>

69: Anonymous Fairy

?!

70: Anonymous Fairy

This purposefully CG-like taste!

71: Anonymous Fairy

This feels way too fake

72: Anonymous Fairy

No mosaic for the Neko-chan huh

73: Anonymous Fairy

This is just 1's pet cat

There's no mistaking it

74: Anonymous Fairy

>>73

Then what do you think the uniform part is...?

75: Anonymous Fairy

Part of 1's collection, duh

Don't make me say it it's embarrassing

76: Anonymous Fairy

Analysis squad!

Check if the uniform is from an existing school quick!

77: Anonymous Fairy

In other words he took a uniform to the other world

And made a wereperson wear it

1 is a hopeless pervert

Keep at it

78: Anonymous Fairy

I can't take this...

It's gross

It's gross, but I saved the pic anyway...

What's happening to me

79: Anonymous Fairy

I understand how you feel, comrade...

This elated feeling in my chest...

I wonder if I have a furry aptitude...

80: Anonymous Fairy

I want to rub all that fluff!!!!

81: Anonymous Fairy

You like this! Don't you!

Is what I'd like to say while shoving her under a kotatsu.

82: Anonymous Fairy

Crap

Looking into her innocent eyes

Leaves me no choice but to pop a boner

83: Anonymous Fairy

I want to sink into a bath while hugging a struggling cat girl

84: Anonymous Fairy

I want to tell a wet cat girl with a clear body line

So you're the slender-when-dressed type and get clawed for it

85: Anonymous Fairy

I want to dry the body of a kitten scared of the sound of the hairdryer

After finally drying her I want to ask her if she's still scared to see her frown

86: Anonymous Fairy

Someone stop these guys!

They're way more perverted than 1!

87: Anonymous Fairy

Werepeople don't count

Hugging them naked is in the clear

88: Anonymous Fairy

Catgirl-chan KAWAII!!

89: Anonymous Fairy

Eject!!

90: Anonymous Fairy

But wait

1 never said she was female

Cat genders can't be determined by appearance

91: Anonymous Fairy

Is there a problem?

92: Anonymous Fairy

Shota kitten...

Haa... haa... ugh!

93: Anonymous Fairy

The more innocent the more I want to defile her

This is the natural instinct of a resident

94: Single Me ♦ 4noig329de

Black and white elves, a maid, and now a sailor cat girl!

1 is unparalleled!

I don't have a preference, so I'm not jealous of the cat girl at all!

Looking forward to new elf pictures!

95: Anonymous Fairy

This guy's tone is creepy

96: Anonymous Fairy

That's why I said don't touch

97: Anonymous Fairy

>>93

So that's why the already dirtied White Elf-chan

isn't as popular...

98: Anonymous Fairy

The black one is more popular despite being darker...

No, this place was full of residents that demanded

Dark Elves more to begin with

99: 1 ♦ Xc544iUoWE

I also bought equipment for Black Elf-chan

I think I took this photo really well, if I do say so myself

The mosaic was unpopular so I tried covering the eyes

<Image address>

100: Anonymous Fairy

A god!

Finally a god!!

101: Anonymous Fairy

Asdjghjkfgd

Blackie-chan KAWAIIIIIIII

102: Anonymous Fairy

Ho, Blackie...

103: Anonymous Fairy

K... Knight armour...

So Black Elf-chan is that type!

Uwaaaah this is so much progress it's scary!

104: Anonymous Fairy

Isn't she perfect?

1 sure does good work

105: Anonymous Fairy

(Meanwhile gloomy White Elf-chan is neglected)

106: Anonymous Fairy

Even though her table manners were so messy

To think she was actually a noble Knight-sama!

...Huh? Wasn't she a slave?

Female dark elf with giant tits slave-sama...?

107: Anonymous Fairy

As expected of 1!

Shamelessly pushing forth his preferences in our face!

108: Anonymous Fairy

N... Night-time master-servant relationships...

109: Anonymous Fairy

I want to protect that smile

But I also want to rip her from 1 and make her frown

110: Anonymous Fairy

This is a woman's face

111: Anonymous Fairy

Is this weapon called a polearm?

She can hold something this heavy looking?

So Dark Elf-chan isn't a magic user

112: Anonymous Fairy

There are people who choose to buff INT instead of STR

I've played a certain MMORPG before so I can tell

113: Anonymous Fairy

The armour looks super expensive

The weapon too

How much did it cost?

114: Anonymous Fairy

CG rendering time – priceless

115: Anonymous Fairy

I made it my wallpaper...

116: Anonymous Fairy

I-I like the white one more though...

Is it because of the tattoo? Are tattoos the reason she's unpopular?

117: Anonymous Fairy

>I also made this CG of Black Elf-chan's equipment

>I think I made this CG really well, if I do say so myself

118: Anonymous Fairy

We get it already

119: Anonymous Fairy

>>116

Tbh I just can't get into that, really

Why did 1 have to have such an unneeded preference...

120: Anonymous Fairy

That's what makes 1 abnormal...

121: Anonymous Fairy

I want to throw coal tar at Black Elf-chan's armour

Then I'd leave her with the parting words 'black suits you better after all'

And watch her frown

122: Anonymous Fairy

I want to pin her armoured figure down to the bed

Then say 'I only have expectations from these abilities of yours'

And hug Black Elf-chan as she despairs

123: Anonymous Fairy

Contents aside it's a good photo
From now on, every time a dark elf thread is started
It'll probably be reposted there
Definitely, for sure

124: Anonymous Fairy
The pictures up to now have been good too
This time the image size is simply bigger
And the armour is cool so
If the eyes weren't covered it'd be better

125: Anonymous Fairy
Even though he uploaded the Cat-chan as is!

126: Anonymous Fairy
Guess it means there's a model after all
If it was a real other world then we wouldn't be able to go anyway
So there's no need to fuss over personal information

127: Anonymous Fairy
There's still a chance
1 might let us use the mirror once he gets bored...
Don't say we'll never go to the other world... that's so sad...

128: Anonymous Fairy
As if there are knights with such big tits!

129: Anonymous Fairy
Black Elf-chan who cares about her huge boobs so much she desperately wraps them up, cute!

130: Anonymous Fairy
If it's a CG then 1 should say it's a CG clearly
This is irritating! Damn it!

131: Anonymous Fairy
Like the irritating stick [\(1\)](#)
I understand

132: Anonymous Fairy

I want to slam this irritation into Black Elf-chan!

133: Anonymous Fairy

Aah, a 'polearm' is like...

134: Anonymous Fairy

You guys are actual idiots lol

135: 1 ♦ Xc544iUoWE

Cat-chan is a female, apparently

I haven't actually checked though

But according to her at least

>>113

About 1,500,000 yen over here

136: Anonymous Fairy

Seriously?

You could pay for Gavan's [\(2\)](#) royalties with that

137: Anonymous Fairy

I'm honestly curious about how 1's getting his resources in the other world

If it were me I'd be completely lost

I have confidence that I'd be punched to death by a goblin

138: Anonymous Fairy

I get the feeling 1's other world adventure journal will eventually be published!

Which means this thread is actually a large scale stealth marketing scheme!

139: Anonymous Fairy

It isn't large scale at all

There's no need to do it at a dead board like this...

140: Anonymous Fairy

At the end 1 dies and his mother finds his journal right

141: Anonymous Fairy

>>140

Wouldn't that just be a NEET with a black history... lol

142: 1 ♦ Xc544iUoWE

I still have other pictures, but I'll leave it for another time.

I was attacked by bandits after all,
so I'll go practice my swordplay!

Apparently, the number of residents had increased due to web portals and otaku-type blogs introducing new users. But even so, it couldn't really be compared to certain popular boards, and its relaxed atmosphere was reflective of a depopulated board.

After being attacked by the bandits the other day (though the outcome was alright), my mental state was in a bit of turmoil but surprisingly, I found it healing to read the bulletin board in my daze. I spent half a day like that, proving that at the end of the day, I was still hikikomori after all. But it was important to forget the other world and relax like this once in a while. The other world is fun, but it was a little eccentric at times.

Now, let's work hard again tomorrow!

(1) Irritating Stick is a game, where the player has to maneuver a metal rod through a metal maze without touching the sides. Here's the [wiki](#)

(2) I haven't watched it before so I had to google it as well and found that Gavan is a TV series in Japan. [Here](#)'s more about it

Chapter 62 – The smell of self-defence goods is gold bars

Even in the Erishe that I fervently believed to be peaceful, I was attacked by bandits.

And even if that weren't the case, monsters and demon beasts still spawned.

It should go without saying that something like that definitely couldn't be called peaceful. In the first place, the empire that Erishe was a part of was in the middle of a war (though it was at a ceasefire right now).

Looking back on the bandit case now, it was a blessing in disguise.

Firstly, the enemies were weak. I believe that truly was a blessing.

Furthermore, after receiving training from Shello-san, my interest in buying a proper weapon was piqued. If I hadn't bought a weapon and just wandered around in my easy-going Japanese attitude, there was a large chance it would have gone badly. Even if Diana's spirit magic could restrict one person's movement, it probably wasn't enough to go against three opponents. I was carrying my self-created knife around in the beginning, but it wouldn't be enough to go against bandits armed with broadswords. Rather, there was no way I could have resisted at all. In other words, I would have been 'dead'— to put it precisely, I would have been 'killed'.

"So because of this, I have decided to set aside some time to train. Of course, this includes combat training, but I want to prioritise my horse-riding. Nothing is as important as being able to run away, after all. Marina, you will be following Rebecca-san's training as usual. Diana will practice using weapons I bring from the other side. Apart from that, there'll be battle tactics. You'll have to ask Rebecca-san and Hetty-san for instructions though..."

"T-That's fine, but what about the stall?"

"I'll only go in the afternoons. Etowa can handle the mornings by herself now, probably."

The only reason why we were able to evade the bandits this time was

because we were 'lucky', 'too bad' wouldn't be good enough... I was still a little anxious about leaving the store to Etowa by herself, but I had to prioritise training otherwise, the next time something happened there, wouldn't be a next time!

To be honest, if there was even a single skilled person amongst a group of five attacking us, I cannot confidently say we'd be able to resist in our current state.

I handed Diana the weapon I ordered through the internet.

A crossbow and polycarbonate shield.

Most people imagine crossbows to be large-scale items, but the one I bought this time was comparatively small in size. Rather than calling it a crossbow, it was more like a one-handed bowgun in appearance. For the record, 'bowgun' was apparently the product name of a crossbow company. Kind of like the era where smartphones were equivalent to iPhones. Probably.

At any rate, it was still a crossbow. The more expensive ones exceeded 100,000 yen, but those were the ones used by the more serious hunters. (Perhaps the cheap ones were used in target shooting sports. Not that I knew what was involved in that. Or maybe in bird hunting? Like for ducks.) The ones with mechanisms installed for the string to be pulled by a crank were difficult to maintain and over-the-top in terms of power, so I passed up on them. (I wouldn't know what to do with a shooting range of 100m anyway.)

From what I tested, the one I bought had more than enough power when used against other people. The accuracy wasn't bad within 20 metres, and the people here wouldn't be able to recognise this as a weapon, so it could be used as a surprise attack. However, it was necessary for the support string to be rigid, so the fact it acted up during battle sometimes was a weakness. (The time spent pulling the string resulted in complete defencelessness. Which wouldn't be much of a problem at the rear of a formation.) It seemed like using regular small-sized arrows was the safest option for battle. The reality was that the crossbow could only be used as a single surprise attack... It seemed like Americans actually used bows in hunting (it was illegal to do so in Japan). I wondered why that was. It'd be the end if you missed. I could kind of understand why bows became obsolete once the use of hunting guns spread.

Well, if I could get my hands on a gun, there'd be nothing left to fear in this world.

As for the polycarbonate shield—it was just that. A light, transparent shield. Apparently, its official name was riot shield. It was lighter than a mythril shield and as for its abilities—I hadn't tested them yet but they had an established reputation of being used by the riot police (I bought it through online delivery so its quality was probably not as good, though). I also bought a large one, though it was a little more expensive. It was big enough to cover the whole body and could guard against most projectile weapons in the other world, or at the very least against arrows. It should also be able to block most average physical weapons. Though it was probably like paper to people at Shello-san's level.

I had already given Diana tear gas and a stun gun (bought online) before this for self-defence. She hadn't had a chance to use them in the last battle with the bandits, but these self-defence items should prove effective in situations where she's targeted.

Other self-defence products obtainable in Japan included slash-proof vests and stab-proof shirts, which I had considered, but decided against as the amount of defence they provided was not worth their cost. To put it bluntly, the leather armour at Erishe had a better cost-performance ratio. Well, there were disadvantages like weight and noise to consider too. Perhaps it would be better to have boughten a mythril 'Scale Mail' instead. It was pretty expensive—roughly around 200,000 yen—so I couldn't buy it that easily.

My net auctions were going well too. I was regularly putting out the items I bought at the marketplace and flea market, the number of regular customers were increasing, and the bids were gradually getting higher too. Demand for fabric was high (especially for linen), so I would sell the fabric I bought from Japan in the other world, then use that money in the other world to buy fabric to sell in Japan... kind of like an international trade. I should just buy all the second-hand fabrics in the Erishe like this. The more I sold, the more I made, so having some stock buildup wasn't really a problem. I had given out flyers stating I would buy any fabrics at my store too, and people sometimes came to sell theirs. There were all kinds of items, but it wasn't a problem. I was buying the

items directly so the price was much lower than anything from the marketplace or flea market, and even if the items were ragged second-hand ones, quantity mattered more than quality.

Furthermore, 'antique' items like sheets, shirts, and one-piece dresses were hugely popular in this international trade with the other world, so having unsold stock of those was useful. Strictly speaking, that unsold stock was still newly made other world items, so it wasn't exactly antique.

Fabric—especially this 'antique linen' term—was undeniably attractive to women, and looking at the bid history it was evident that there was quite a lot of demand.

Cotton was also quite popular... but linen was overwhelmingly so.

And so I was earning Japanese yen at a fairly good rate. At this pace, I could leave my parents' house and live on my own soon. I had moved most of my life to the other world already and the only thing I used money for in Japan was on stocking fabrics and purchasing self-defence items, which was another reason why my savings were going smoothly.

Speaking of Japanese yen, the self-defence tools were unexpectedly expensive, so my mother scolded me. "Are you going to put any money into this house? You parasite!" I lost to her pressure and went to the gold pawn shop again. Last time I sold gold coins, but this time I had a gold cup I found at the flea market. It was only as small as my palm but it was quite heavy and I doubted the technology for 'gold coating' existed in this world yet, so it was undoubtedly gold. The Mirror of Truth also said as much. Though I had no idea what percentage of gold it was. In the end, I sold the 126 gram 24K gold cup for 456,300 yen. The conversion rate at the gold pawn shop was less than the time I sold the gold coins, but it was more than enough cash. ...Especially since it only cost me 1400 el (or one gold coin and 4 silver coins) at the flea market... One gold coin was 40 grams so the value of gold was a little over three times as much. Perhaps the seller hadn't realised it was pure gold...

Anyway, I received 450,000 yen so now I had some mental leeway. Enough leeway to slam 50,000 yen on the table and say to my mother, "Here's this month's!" ...Well, it might be a little dishonest earning 450,000 yen so easily like

this, but it was also in a grey area where neither I nor the pawn shop trader and cup seller lost anything—in other words, a win-win situation!



Battle training was usually held in the morning.

While I often had mock fights with Shello-san, they were always one-on-one—so we went through nearly every combination you could think of. Like ‘Shello-san and Rebecca-san vs me’, ‘Shello-san and Rebecca-san vs me and Marina’, ‘Shello-san vs me and Marina’, or ‘Shello-san and Rebecca-san vs Marina’. Within them, the most helpless combinations were ‘Everyone vs me’ and ‘Everyone vs Marina’ (even when the opponent’s weapon was a wooden stick).

Firstly, if you were surrounded like the Shinsengumi (1), it was over. There was no way to fight back in this situation. That was why you had to defeat each unit before that happened, in any matter you could. Like if you judged yourself to be disadvantageous, run away as soon as possible. Or if just retreating the moment you sensed any danger at all.

Shello-san had said something like, “If you defeat one of them, the rest will falter, so just use that chance to get all of them. Wahaha!” which wasn’t useful at all, so I asked Rebecca-san to teach me like I had intended on doing from the beginning. It would have been nice if Hetty-san was there too, but because of that Chubby, she was nowhere to be seen.

“Against many people, hmm. That’s pretty difficult. If you’re against someone with any battle experience at all, even 2-vs-1 would be tough...”

“Yeah... So that means it’s crucial to avoid being in that situation in the first place... right?”

“In most cases, yes. Since Jirou’s aim is self-defence, prioritise turning the situation away from becoming a battle. Battling should be the very last resort in any situation.”

Ugh, she had a point. Ever since the encounter with bandits, my thoughts had been leaning towards fighting.

“That’s why you first have to make sure you won’t be attacked. If you detect someone about to attack, you run and hide. If you’re attacked, you run. And

if you can't run, you make the best of your situation and fight. Something along that line."

"That's quite a few patterns..."

Though detecting presences and running and hiding were pretty difficult skills...

"First is the very important method of not attracting bandits. Do you know what to do?"

"Erm... refrain from acting flashy and avoid catching their attention by taking simple actions... maybe?"

"Nope. If anything, you should do the opposite. You become strong enough to make the bandits think 'That's an impossible target'. Even if you aren't, you just need to seem that way. For example... bringing a small troop with you. That uncle of Hetty had slaves he brought along as soldiers, right?"

Bandits avoid those types. Well, actually, the number of people that large may actually attract more bandits."

"I-I see. But for me to increase my personnel by that much is a bit..."

I could understand the logic, but it wasn't realistic for me. A small number of people would be possible though.

"*Fufu*, why don't you just become a famous soldier in Erishe, Jirou? But it might bring out challengers and get irritating."

"Please don't. No matter what my vocation is, I'm useless."

"Oh?

It might just work, you know. There aren't many strong opponents in Erishe. If you get an A rank at the hunters' guild, barely anyone would touch you."

Rebecca-san seemed to be having fun, though I didn't know if she was serious or teasing me. It was fun doing business, but focusing on battling wasn't for me... Also, there was an A rank in the guild after all...

"I'm not hesitant towards becoming strong, I just want to live my life without standing out."

“Really?

That's a shame. Then let's continue. Err, first is making sure you won't be attacked, right?

If you can't become strong, then you just need to be 'unrecognisable'. If you're not targeted, you can't be attacked.”

“I see... But thinking about it logically, the horses and Diana and Marina all stand out a lot... Already... Like, at a counted yakuman

(2) level.”

“I don't know what a 'yakuman' is, but it's true they stand out. Hetty and I join you sometimes too... that probably wasn't good.”

For the record, last time I bought Marina's equipment, I was the only plain man amongst a party of women. Turk tribe Marina with her mythril knight armour and halberd (super stands out), the tattooed high elf Diana (super stands out), the really tall Rebecca-san (stands out), and the beautiful maid Hetty-san (stands out).

Ah, that was bad. There was no way bad people wouldn't have their eyes on us.

“It's true that I've already stood out quite a lot. It was alright during the preparations for the festival and during the festival itself, but now that it's over...”

“Yeah... But there's no helping it anymore... Wanna go the knight route after all?”

“Please let me stay on the merchant route...”

In the end, like the famous 36 ancient Chinese military strategies said, running is winning... that was the conclusion we came to. After that, it was probably best to just defeat them in the order that they caught up in, like some other famous strategy once said. All that was left then was to bring something that could be used as a distraction from Japan... I could think of many items that could be used in a retreat.

Well, there was no helping any situation where a huge number of people

attacked... like a group of 10 or more bandits. If it ever came to that, there wouldn't be any escaping anyway.

However, I should at least make the right preparations to counter small groups of bandits.

(1) Shinsengumi = A special police force organized by the Bakufu (military government) during Japan's Bakumatsu period (late shogun) in 1864. More interesting facts [here](#)

(2) [Yakuman](#) (a very high point hand) is a term used Japanese mahjong terminology. Counted yakuman is also called Kazoe yakuman. I've not played mahjong of any kind myself, to be honest, so I'm not that clear about it (really curious about it though, so if anyone has played it before let me know)

Chapter 63 – The smell of skeletons is a 50cc engine

“Ah.”

We were lounging around after eating a post-training lunch at Shello-san's place when Diana suddenly stood up.

At the same time, a silly ringing noise echoed throughout the room.

What was that? An alarm? Did I leave my phone on?

“What's that noise?”

“Umm.”

Rebecca-san stood up and touched a ball-like object next to the window. The sound stopped.

“It never rang while Jirou was here before. The monster alarm.”

A monster alarm! Was it that thing?!

Come to think of it, didn't Rebecca-san mention it before? This world sure had some advanced technology here and there.

But if the monster alarm sounded, then that means a monster had spawned...

Alright...

“This is a good chance. Jirou, wanna give it a go?”

Shello-san offered before I could ask them to let me fight too.

Yes, a monster battle. I had been itching to try one out.

While I was wary of attempting to fight monsters before completing Shello-san and Rebecca-san's hazing under the name of training... I now have the confidence that I could take on the skeletons like the ones I had seen before. More than anything, it'd be a practical experience and it would feel easier compared to fighting humans. Not to mention the fact that I had a guidance to 'defeat a monster'. Marina had the same guidance and could technically do it too, but I requested to do it myself this time as I wanted to test my own capabilities. Marina kept sneaking glances this way, but she would have to listen

to her master this time.

“Marina, I know it’s a good chance for your guidance, but please let me have this one. I want to test myself.”

“Uhh... Understood. Marina will wait in anticipation for her next turn!”

“They said the spawn rate was increasing, so it should be right around the corner, surely.”

Although she seemed a little unhappy about it, Marina had a persistently clumsy image.

I wanted to check if Marina could easily defeat them too.

I changed outfits and stepped outside.

I wanted to use my demon sword as my weapon, but Shello-san had forcefully handed me a two-handed sword.

“Jirou, it’s training.”

“Eh? Okay. Erm, I just have to defeat it, right? The monster that spawns.”

“Ultimately, yes. But I’ll be giving you the instructions depending on the type of monsters that spawn.”

...?

So just defeating it wasn’t enough...?

The monsters that emerged from the forest were the same skeletons as last time. The same as the ones that were sliced in two by Shello-san’s longsword the previous time.

They loomed closer with their shabby swords and shields, swaying unnaturally like puppets.

Wobble wobble.

Creak creak.

The skeleton headed straight for me.

...Huh? This was scarier than I expected.

To be honest, I thought it’d be a piece of cake, but it was really creepy... It

made my skin crawl... I had never seen a skeleton this realistic before, and personally experiencing a skeleton coming towards me with a sword was like living in the middle of a horror story. It was midday so it was somewhat less frightening, but if it was night I would've pissed myself.

...Anyway, I reminded myself not to let my guard down no matter what. Keep it together... Keep calm...

The skeleton never took its eyes off me as it approached.

Monsters had a tendency to head for those with magic. In other words, they were homing missiles focused on killing humans. Shello-san's family used this to lure them to their deaths... that was how their business worked. But right now, the homing missile was headed for me...

I couldn't see any signs of emotions within the empty eye sockets of the skeleton. There was no murderous intent nor hostility. My example of a homing missile seemed to be a perfect fit for the situation.

I gripped my sword with both hands, ready to face it.

Shello-san was on standby behind me, ready to take over if anything unexpected happened.

"That skeleton's the most common monster that appears around here. To put it another way, it's the weakest of the lot. At Jirou's current level, if you fight normally, you should be able to win with ease. But just defeating it isn't training. Let's make this monster encounter worthwhile."

Shello-san said as the monster came towards us. What did he want me to do?

"Let's see... First, face it however you see fit. But you can't do any damage to it."

"Eh? Doesn't that..."

"Here it comes."

The skeleton loomed before my eyes. It boldly thrust its chipped, one-metre long blade at me.

I deflected it with my own sword, but the skeleton continued coming at me with a second and third attack without losing its balance.

“What is this...”

Its attacks were neither heavy nor fast, but the movement was making me feel uneasy...

That's right. Since the concept of weight didn't apply to skeletons, their attacks were unsteady and felt different than a human's attack that I was used to. How should I put it? It was like they had surpassed the laws of physics...

Well, the fact they were bones that spawned out of nowhere and moved by themselves had already proven that physics meant nothing from the beginning.

“Wahaha. They're different, right? Monsters. If you go at them like humans, you'll get your ass handed to you. Because they can attack you from any position.”

“I-I understand that now, but how long do I have to keep this up?”

Even as we were talking, the skeleton was attacking me. Well, the attacks themselves were only sword attacks, so it was kind of simple. Especially after going through the training with a veteran soldier like Shello-san, who used hand-to-hand combat and underhanded battle tricks as well as swordcraft. It was actually rather tedious.

Clang! Clank! Clank! Clang!

The sword fight continued for around half an hour. As an undead enemy, the skeleton had unlimited stamina and would swing its sword forever, until the opponent was defeated... or so I thought, but its movements actually began to slow down.

“Alright, Jirou. Try disarming it.”

The next instruction came as if Shello-san was waiting for the skeleton's movements to grow sluggish. So I still couldn't attack the skeleton itself... as I thought that, I dodged the skeleton's longsword and swung upwards from under the base of the hilt, sending it flying.

The flying sword spun a few times in the air and disintegrated before hitting the ground.

Then, the skeleton, that had lost its weapon suddenly froze, standing still

without a twitch.

“Huh? ..Why did it suddenly turn shy? The sword disappeared too.”

“Monsters that lose their weapons become like this. Well, it’s a special characteristic of monsters. You’ve got the general idea of the other characteristics now, right?”

The other characteristics were probably ‘simple attacks based on the weapon’, ‘movements that go against the laws of physics’, and ‘the passing of time slows their movement’.

“Lastly, I’ll have you deal the final blow, but monsters always have a weak point. Can you figure out where?”

Weak point...? There were basically none for a skeleton, so I couldn’t imagine anywhere other than the head.

“Is it the skull? Though it’s pretty stereotypical for the head to be the weak point.”

“The head, huh. Well in the case of a skeleton, if you destroy its head it’ll still disappear anyway, but that’s not quite right for the weak point. Have a closer look at the chest.”

Chest? Even if you told me to look at the chest bones, all I could think was “Wow, ribs”... Although in Marina’s case, you could definitely call those a weak point of mine.

“...Hmm? There’s something there, small and black... you’re telling me this clearly obvious thing is the weak point...?”

“That’s right. It’s called the magic core, the source of energy for monsters. The monsters won’t be able to hold their physical form if you remove or destroy it. Try it.”

Easier said than done...

The magic core was unexpectedly small, about the size of a quail egg, so taking it out was difficult. It was at the back of the ribs... in other words, where the heart would go. Should I just reach in and grab it...?

I grabbed the magic core out from the heart of the frozen skeleton. My eyes

met with the general direction of the skeleton's gaze. It felt weird.

“....”

Don't look at me like that... Though it didn't have eyeballs...

The skeleton disintegrated as soon as I grabbed the magic core. The magic core remained without disappearing. I guess this meant my first monster extermination was complete.

Suddenly, my vocation board started shining. With a satisfying 'poof' sound, the vocation board transformed into a fairy the size of my hand.

It had really been a while since I last saw this guy.

“Hey hey! Long time no see! If you slack off doing your guidance for too long, you'll lose your blessing. From now on put your heart into it, and do your best for the sake of the world and Spirit-sama!”

Poof!

As usual, this guy has a foul mouth. Wait, it was possible for blessings to be lost...? It might be better to put a little effort into clearing my guidance objectives from now on.

Then, I was left holding a monster's black magic core in one hand and a new black spirit stone in the other.

A black spirit stone.

Could this be... obsidian...? Personally, I liked the stone, but value-wise it was trash...

No, in this world, things with clear colours were worth more. So it might be worth something.

After that, we celebrated the completion of my guidance and graduation from my monster-slaying virginity by holding a feast until morning.

The store was closed.



The magic core I had retrieved from the monster was also known as a magic crystal. Apparently, the best way to retrieve them was to disarm the monster

and then snatch it away, rather than defeating them normally. Even so, the magic crystal of a skeleton wasn't worth much (but still around two silver coins), so this time it was just a practice-building exercise.

I was a little curious about it, so I asked Rebecca-san about the magic crystal.

She said magic crystals were the core of monsters that gave them energy. The skeleton this time was defeated after being weakened, so the crystal was smaller and value decreased. It would be better to be like Shello-san and defeat them as soon as they spawned.

This time I disarmed the monster and snatched it, but if left alone it would run out of energy and disintegrate on its own. In that case, the magic crystal would disappear.

Which means, the magic crystal is the monster's energy itself (differentiated when within the monster by being called a magic core). The bigger it was the stronger the monster would be, but once it manifested it would slowly use up the energy until it ran out and disappeared.

In other words, even without humans to stand up to the monsters, they would eventually finish raging and naturally disintegrate. It wouldn't be wrong to call it one of the natural disasters of this world.

Monsters spawned from concentrated points of magic. There, magic power and spirit power in the atmosphere was constantly in an inversely proportional relationship.

The spirit power was stronger in the Hanork Empire that had always worshipped the Great Spirit, whereas other countries had weaker spirit power and stronger spawning monsters.

To put it conversely, strong monsters only spawned in the empire during Hitotsuzuki.

Consequently, magic crystals tended to be more valuable than spirit stones in other countries, so there were merchants who bought spirit stones from other countries. However, due to the religions of the other countries being different, only a small number of people accepted the 'Blessing of the Great Spirit', so there weren't enough spirit stones to go around to make an exclusive trading business. There were even less people who were willing to sell them.

Similar to how races like high elves and elves that loved the spirits, there were other long-standing races that dealt with magic power in other countries. There were even different gods they received blessings from, which meant the Great Spirit Lu Balka wasn't the only existence that offered blessings (so vocations were still similar across the world).

In countries (self-governed regions, to be precise) where the proportion of magic power in the atmosphere was greater, many strong monsters would spawn. These countries were known as the 'Mountains', and the atmosphere there was almost completely filled with magic power.

However, as dragons and magic-eating beasts rampaged there, the monsters' characteristic 'tendency to head for those with magic' caused them to head for the demon beasts and dragons instead of humans, making an originally uninhabitable environment surprisingly habitable for humans (as monsters ignored them).

More importantly, if a monster defeated a demon beast or dragon it'd just leave the body lying there, which humans could scavenge for materials and huge fortunes, like hyenas. The scavenging hyena role was left to slaves bought from surrounding countries, though.

For the record, Marina would probably be sent to the Mountains if I hadn't purchased her. I didn't mean to make her owe me anything, I was just genuinely happy that wasn't how it turned out.

Returning to the topic.

I had safely cleared my guidance to 'Defeat a monster' and obtained a spirit stone. After using one to fix Aurica's eye the other day, I was left with two in my possession. A lapis lazuli and an obsidian.

I also had a magic crystal from defeating a monster. Magic crystals had a similar black to the obsidian, roughly the size of a table tennis ball. About two centimeters across.

"It's tiny. It's even tinier if we were to compare it with the spirit stone that was the size of a fist."

"It can't be helped, skeletons are the weakest monsters out there. I've heard

that the magic core of the monsters that spawn during Hitotsuzuki are the size of a human head, Master.”

“It’s like the difference between a scooter engine and car engine. A hundred times the engine displacement... or something.”

“Car engine?”

“Nothing, I was just talking to myself.”

I was currently looking after the store with Diana. Marina and Etowa went to buy lunch. We often ordered takeout for lunch. While we sometimes went out to eat at the restaurant itself, having to close the store or leave someone behind to watch it was inconvenient. Anyway, there were lots of delicious takeout stores in the market.

Ever since I hired Etowa, she had been suggesting good stores and improving the quality of my meals. As expected of a knowledgeable local. She’d probably bring something delicious again today, so I was waiting in anticipation.

Business was going well and I had hired my first employee.

Training was going well and I had defeated my first monster, obtaining a magic crystal.

I had a wonderful mansion, maid, and horses.

Every day was another delicious meal, and my relationship with Diana and Marina was good as ever (although not progressing).

Yes, my life in the other world was such a smooth sailing, it felt like I’d drop out of life on Earth completely.

If I didn’t need to restock, I’d stay in this other world forever!

The other world was the best!

Chapter 64 – The smell of Japan is the real world

The other world was the best! That was fine and all, but I couldn't move to the other world altogether. It was needless to say, but as long as I was selling Japanese products in the other world, I'd have to work in Japan as I needed Japanese yen and not gold and silver coins to buy Japanese products. Plus, I was a citizen of Japan and it was my duty to pay my national pension and prefectural residency tax. If I was making a certain income from net auctions then I needed to file my taxes too. It was easy to forget that while having the time of my life in another world, but reality was salty like that.

And so, today I had left the store in Erishe to Etowa and went to visit the tax office to file my tax return. The amount wasn't much. My only income was what I received in net auctions. I only began making large profits by selling the other world items in the last few months, so my profit was only a little over a million yen. As most of my profits were either invested in stocking up on cloth to be sold in the store or spent on mobile bills, gas bills and other expenses, there really wasn't much left, which helped, in a way.

There were no issues with my documents, so I finished paying them smoothly. It was pretty annoying preparing documents focused on auctions, so I wondered if there was a better way to do it.

After finishing my taxes, I left the tax office. It was February, so the afternoons were a little chilly. Calendar-wise it was spring, but February felt the coldest. I was wearing the leather coat and leather pants I bought in Erishe, feeling like an outlaw. I called it leather, but it wasn't the skin of a cow, pig, sheep, nor horse. It was the skin of a demon beast called a Lucalf.

An old man in the waiting room commented on how cool it was, so I considered putting it out for net auctions, but since it wasn't a material found on Earth, I decided against it. It was unfortunate, but I could just enjoy it for myself. There were quite a few materials that can only be found in the other world...

Demon beasts were what they called highly aggressive wild animals in the

other world. Regular animals that didn't attack humans, were different to demon beast, and were referred to as simply beasts or animals. In Japan, rabbits would be beasts and bears would be demon beasts. Or perhaps a pig would be a beast and a boar would be a demon beast—something like that. Anyway, that's how they were classified. This was related to the management of the most important group in the other world, the Hunter's Guild – a guild which Shello-san was also a part of. The guild members would call the animals they hunted demon beasts, I think. I didn't really care, so I didn't know the details.

Come to think of it, the first time I met Shello-san was after he had hunted a huge boar—I didn't realise that was a demon beast at the time. Marina fought a similar thing in her training, but I had yet to fight one. I had graduated from being a monster-fighting virgin, nevertheless, I was still a demon beast fighting one. Whatever.

After eating lunch at a ramen shop, I went to the convenience store to buy a real estate listing magazine. My life in Erishe had settled down and the store was going well. Living at home was nice and all, but I wanted to move out soon. After all, I mostly lived in the other world, only going home to eat meals every now and then anyway. Although I still slept in my own room.

I was going to rent an apartment when I moved out, but if I had the money to spare, I could rent an office too – so long as I had somewhere to put my mirror and products. If I were to continue my net auctions, a place near a post office would be better. Other than that... I would also need a car. I was using a bicycle at home right now, but I'd have to buy my own car once I moved out. Considering the possibility of a large deal, I should probably buy a van, but the maintenance cost would be tough.

I pondered over such things as I went around the home centre, second-hand shop, 100 yen shop, and crafts shop to stock-up on my products. The items I had bought were mainly household items that I'd need to use in the mansion, products to be sold in the shop, and items that I'd like to use to test the waters in the flea market sale. There was still a lot that I didn't understand about the market in the other world, so it didn't hurt to have more options.

By the time I arrived home it was 5pm. Placing my things down in my room, I

peeked into the living room. My mother was making dinner.

Of course, I hadn't told my parents about the other world.

Just that I had found a way to make a fast buck, so I'd be out of the house often. I hadn't lied, but still...

"Oh Jirou, you're home. I have something to tell you, come eat dinner today."

I was going to retreat before she saw me, but I was a step too late.

If you are reading this on any other place than rinkagetranslation.com, this chapter has been stolen and is neither the most recent or complete chapter.



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Dinner was stir-fried vegetables. Stir-fried vegetables and cold tofu on rice.

Clam miso soup and pickled side dishes. A traditional meal of my home.

I thanked my mother for the meal and the two of us started eating.

My father was absent due to a job transfer and only ever came home during the New Years and Bon Festival (come to think of it, he came back this New Years too, but I was so occupied with the other world I barely talked to him). My older brother and sister were all living in their own homes, so it was just me and my mother in this house. I hadn't been eating at home much lately as well, so I was feeling a little heartless for not spending time with my mother as much. Perhaps I was a bit too obsessed with the other world. Well, my mother worked as a nurse so she didn't always make dinner either. In fact, it was pretty rare for her to do so.

"What have you actually been doing recently? You suddenly disappear from your room when I think you're in there and appear in your room when I think you're not. You barely eat dinner at home either."

We were eating silently for a while, but my mother's patience ran short and snapped as I was pouring soy sauce on the tofu. But I knew how this usually went. It always ended in "Go to Hello Work tomorrow". I didn't spend two years as a NEET for nothing.

"I told you I was busy with the profitable job I found. I eat outside. And I'm

putting money into the house, so it shouldn't be a problem."

"Are you doing something dangerous? There are so many strange things in your room too... Like dolls and stuff..."

"I told you, I'm not. I'm just making some profit off net auctions. All the items in my room are stock to be sold. The dolls, too."

I hadn't been putting any money into the house because I was a NEET, but when I sold the gold cup I gave my parents 500,000 yen. But getting that kind of money in such a short time was a little suspicious. I guess I couldn't blame her for doubting me... The antique doll (a pretty big one) enshrined in my room probably didn't help either.

"I don't care if it's a profitable net auction or not, but can you live off that for the rest of your life?"

"I don't intend on living off auctions for the rest of my life either. I'm either going to open an auction store or establish a net shop in the future."

"There you go dreaming again! Make sure you go to Hello Work tomorrow and find a proper job! You might think you'll be young forever, but you're already 22 this month!"

There it is! Go to Hello Work!

As long as my other world trade was going well, I had no intention of finding a job. It was obvious since I had earned enough from the auctions to require a tax return, after all. But I couldn't tell my parents about the other world and had no idea when they'd notice the mirror. My mother had been going into my room too.

Looks like I have to leave the house soon...

"Then I'll get a job when I turn 22! Thanks for dinner!"

I blurted and left.

I was a master at avoiding my mother and putting things aside for later.

...Although, I guess I was turning 22 this month.

Entering my room, I opened the real estate listing magazine. There was a lot that could be classified as real estate, but first, wooden apartments had bad

security and earthquake resistance so those were out of the running. A reinforced concrete condo seemed good, but condo rent was too expensive. A one-room condo could be rented for around 700,000 yen, but then I wouldn't be able to rent an office. I could also rent a shop and sell other world groups... but while it sounded fun, it wasn't possible for my current situation. I didn't have enough hands.

For now, I made a list of all the condos with a single room and separate kitchen that seemed good. They had to have a parking lot and were preferably located on the first or second floor (high floors shook a lot during earthquakes). The actual transportation of the mirror would be done by elevator, so that wasn't a problem. All that was left was the post office...

I turned on my PC and opened a used car site. There were many cheap ones to choose from. If you packed your luggage in tightly, any car could carry quite a bit, so I decided against choosing a van. I wanted to find a fairly new one with good gas mileage, unpopular but cheap, and was capable of carrying a lot of stock...

.....

It was then when I discovered one that was abnormally cheap...

A Toyota from the 2000s. A 2000cc wagon priced at 300,000 yen. A cheap one would start at around 200,000 yen... A real gas mileage of around 10 litres...

A Vista Ardeo, huh...

I'd better remember that. It was big enough for plenty of luggage too. Though it didn't look very cool.

Hmm. But it sure cost a lot of money.

If I moved, it'd cost a month's rent, key money, and four month's rent as a security deposit, right? The moving itself wouldn't have much luggage, so I could do it myself, but I had to be quite careful with the transportation of the mirror. Even if I chose a cheaper car, it'd cost about 300,000 or 400,000 yen. It'd definitely go over 600,000 yen with everything else.

But even so, it was a necessary expense... What to do...

I didn't have any savings yet, but I'd aim to move around spring... probably. I should have a bit more saved by then.

Then I could indulge in my other world life as much as I liked!